TIMES AND LIFE IN NEW-YORK

A Sporting Paper; devoted to the Turf, the Ring, the Angler, the Hunter—Arts, Literature, Fashion, Taste, the Drama, and the Scenes of Real Life.

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Saturday Morning, April 7, 1832.

EDITORS' CORRESPONDENCE.—The following is an extract from a letter received from a "true Angler," in New-Hampshire, by one of the editors of this paper. He will excuse the liberty we have taken in *publishing* a part of his epistle, it being one of a mere private nature, on receiving a few numbers of our paper. We hope to number him among our regular correspondents.

"The *plan* of the paper is altogether new, as far as I know, in this country. We have been thus far too much of a calculating, business people to devote any time to the amusement of older lands. '*Get Money*' has been their motto, and every moment and every thought, whether sleeping or waking, has been devoted to this object. But as our population is increasing, and wealth and refinement becoming more diffused, a taste for field sports and a desire to learn their history, minute and improvements, is also growing more general—and while all the parties, pursuits and interests of our land, have publications to defend, enlighten and encourage their different supporters, why should not those too who seek "to drive dull care away," have theirs? The number of its subscribers, if I have been rightly informed in this respect, evinces the wishes of the community, and answers the question completely.

"The details of the different interesting fishing excursions actually made my mouth water, and the Trout of Maine and the Green Mountains, and the noble Bass of the Cincinnati Club lay extended in imagination before me in all the *eloquence* of culinary preparation, crying "come eat me!" I remembered and "acted o'er again," the exploits of my childhood, and the thought too of our many rambles over the hills of Vermont, in the days of our college probation. 'Tis true our captives weighed fairly in the balance would be found *minus*, but then, numerically, they were a host. I live in anticipation of farther sport soon, whenever our brooks are sufficiently thawed and lowered, and I hope and trust that my enjoyments will be increased, and my basket filled with the speckled tribe, (weighing rather more than twenty to the pound,) beyond my most sanguine expectations. I only wish you could be in this region, as I know you to be an amateur and an adept in the noble art of angling, to enjoy the pleasure with me."

"THEM ERE YANKEES."—Mr. George B. Raymond has received from the Prince and Princess of Orange, a very complimentary letter, and what is better, an elegant diamond ring and breast-pin. It will be recollected that this gentleman has just returned from his mission to Holland, relative to the jewels of the Princess, stolen by Carrari. His management of the affair has been what might have been expected from a Yankee constable, dexterous and successful. Let us alone for that. We are glad to learn that he has brought with him his *brains*, which stood a chance of *oozing out*, he having received a cut from a horseman in crossing the frontiers between Holland and Belgium, which laid his head open to their manifest danger. The fellow thought probably, that with a little more brains, *he* might discover the remainder of the jewels.—*couldn't get 'em.*

Mr. JOHN COOK, whose *obituary* was published in several papers, last Saturday, "in consequence of over-exertion at the late fire in Amity-lane," has concluded that he shall live a while longer for all that. He's just as good a right as some other people, as he, with three brothers are meritorious members of the Fire Department!

CABBAGING.—Three complaints were made last week against a young man, a tailor, for cabbaging cloth from different people, and when he had got as much as he could carry off, he "made tracks" for Philadelphia. If this is the way all those who *cabbage* are to be treated, it may affect the price current. We thought from established custom *some* people had a right.

The folloing horrid occurrence, it is said took place in a lonely house at the Camp de Lune, arrondissement of St. Menehould. The account is extracted from the *Echo de l'Est:*

"A person of the department of the Marine, who had about him a sum of 800 francs, was arrested at the close of the day in a forest, by a fellow who demanded his purse or his life. 'My purse is light,' said he, 'six francs is all that it contains.' 'Give them,' said the robber, 'and pass on your way.' The traveller was scarcely out of the woods, when perceiving a light in the fields, and afraid of being attacked by other thieves, he thought it prudent to direct himself towards a lonely house and ask for refuge. He there found a woman alone, to whom he related what had happened to him, not forgetting to add, that by his presence of mind he had saved his 800 francs. The woman readily consented to give him a bed, and conducted him to a back room. Her husband, who was no other than the thief of the forest, came in soon after, and she told him what he already half knew. The worthy couple immediately laid a plan to assassinate their guest, which was fortunately overheard by the traveller, who armed himself with a heavy stick, and resolutely awaited his murderers. The husband seizing a large kitchen knife, and the woman a hatchet, went straight to the stranger's room. The door was barricaded; they broke it open, a conflict ensued in the dark, in which the stranger, by a blow with his stick, felled the husband to the earth. The woman concluding that it was the traveller whom she heard fall, struck several blows with her hatchet on the head of her victim, and thus accomplished the death of her husband. Justice is enquiring into the circumstances; but if these facts be exact, Divine Justice has already avenged society."

PLEASANT PARTIES.—What is more desirable than a pleasant, lively party of lads and lasses? New-York has always been celebrated for them, so *recherche*, so brilliant, so entertaining, and so various. We do not often meet with one, which has gone off with greater *eclat* than the following, which we copy from a late number of the Courier:—"Five young men, principally Fakers, were arrested yesterday for having stabbed a woman, and attempted to stab a man in an affray which occurred on Tuesday evening, at a party in Varick-street. Three of the persons gave in bail for their appearance, the two others are committed to Bridewell.

"To sle,p—perchance to dream."

Beds of *cast iron*, are advertised in the English papers Pray, how often do they require *making up?*

ORIGINAL ANECDOTE.—A member of our legislature, from one of the interior towns, from the cares of business at home, grew thin and poor in the Calvin Edson sense of the word. On his arrival at the metropolis, the good fare of a good Boston landlord, and the relaxation from business, (every body knows that it is no great affair to say yea or nay in the House of Representatives,) caused him to grow fleshy and corpulent to such a degree as almost to excite the surprise of his brother legislators. Surprise turned to laughter is the most exciting of all laughter; and it was so in this case, when some incorrigible wag wrote with chalk upon the back of the member's overcoat, "*Fatted at the expense of the State.*" This brief explanation of his sudden rotundity of countenance and figure, the Hon. member in question unconsciously carried with him nearly a whole day—much to the amusement of his brethren—"at the expense of the state."—*Lowell Journal.*

A YOUNG HERO.—We copy the following from the Wilmington Journal:—"The following extraordinary circumstance occurred about a fortnight ago, in the family of Mr. Eagle, a respectable farmer, living at the junction of the French Town and Red Lion roads, about eight miles from this city. Mr. Eagle and his wife had gone from home to spend the night, leaving in his house his son of about twelve years of age, a nephew of the same age, a daughter of about eight years of age, and a negro boy and girl—the boy about 20 years of age. In the evening, when the children were about retiring for the night, the black boy came into the room and manifested the most brutal intentions towards the little girl, took up a loaded musket which was in the room, and threatened the boys with instant death if they interfered. The boys, who both displayed remarkable presence of mind and intrepidity throughout the whole affair, contrived to secure the musket, and force the young ruffian from the room. After securing the door, the boys retired to their bed, and the little girl to hers, in the same room. They had been but a short time in bed, when the negro returned to the door, and with violent threats and imprecations began to force it with a heavy instrument, with which he broke through the pannel, and was making his way into the room, when young Eagle, who had the musket alongside of his bed, and was coolly watching the operation, took deliberate aim at the villain and shot him through the breast, of which wound he died in a few hours. A coroner's inquest was held upon the body, and found the facts as we have related them."

YANKEE-ISM.—A cotemporary in a late paper, gives us a new device for "bilking the constable," which though not successful in this instance, is a *pretty cute 'un.*

One of our watermen, who had not found it convenient to pay a small debt, which had long been in arrears, observed the approach of a constable the other day, whom he supposed was furnished with a process for his arrest. Being anxious for a little longer delay, he took a small boat, and rowing himself near the Bergen shore of the river, anchored his vessel, as he conceived out of the jurisdiction of Essex County, and beyond the grasp of the officer. His situation being rather lonely, and his condition such as to invite repose, he laid himself down in the bottom of his boat, and soon fell into a profound sleep. The officer apprehending some catastrophe of this kind had befallen the fugitive, rowed over in another boat to the anchored vessel, and finding his suspicions well-founded, gently weighed anchor, and conducted the object of his pursuit to the Essex shore. After he had thus got within his own jurisdiction again, he awoke the absconding debtor, congratulated him on his safe return, conducted him to the magistrate's office, and secured the debt for which he was arrested.

A LADY'S OPINION OF CLUBS.—Clubs are just a modification of monasteries—places of refuge from female attentions; and as in former days, the finest architecture, the best situation, the most elaborate *cuisine*, the most refined cellar, are devoted to their use. The principal modern improvements, are the omission of fasting and penance, and substitution of Magazines for Missals. "Whoso enters here, leaves hope behind," should be the Wednesday's (Atheneum ladies' night) motto. The deep crimson of the walls is alone enough to annihilate a thousand of the rose colored visions which haunted last night's quadrille. All a young lady should pray for, is a severe lingering fit of illness, to impress her debating lover of a just feminine valuation; fevers and agues are the best stepping stones to the hymeneal altar.—*Miss Landon's Romance and Reality.*

A MISTAKE OF COURTSHIP.—Personal resemblances are no doubt very frequently so strong as to be confounded easily. I knew an instance of a person paying his addresses to one sister, and offering it to the other by mistake, was accepted and married; and he did not discover the blunder until he found that his spouse cared not for the charms of music and accomplishment, which the original object of his affections possessed. I also knew of an instance in which a person ran away with a young lady, where he thought he made a sudden conquest; but it turned out that she mistook him for his brother. Since, however, the ancients personated love as blind, such little mistakes are not to be wondered at, although to the cool observant eye of the naturalist, perhaps, the trifling discrepancies overlooked occasionally will always be manifest.—*Metropolitan.*

IRISH WIT.—In a market town not 60 miles from Glasgow, the following dialogue took place between an Irish reaper considerably under the common stature,) and a countryman. Irishman—"Do you ever want any body for the harvest?" Countryman—"Yes." Irishman—"Will you take me?" Countryman—"No, ye're too wee." Irishman—"Arrah, now, and do you cut *your corn* at the *top?*"

MAZEPPA.—The dreadful punishment inflicted upon the hero of Lord Byron's poem, has a demoniacal example in a newspaper called "Mercurius Politicus," printed in 1655. The narrative is dated from Hamburgh. "This last week several wagoners coming from Breslaud to Silvesia on their way into the Duke of Saxony's country perceived a stag with a man upon his back running with all his might: coming near the wagons, he suddenly fell down: the poor man sitting upon his back made a pitiful complaint, how that the day before he was, by the Duke of Saxony, for killing a deer, condemned to be bound with chains upon that stag, his feet bound fast under the stag's belly with an iron chain sold red, and his hands so chained to the horns. The miserable man begged earnestly that they would shoot him, to put him out of his pain: but they durst not fearing the Duke. Whilst they were talking with him, the stag got up again, and ran with all his might. The wagoners computed that he had run in sixteen hours, not less than twenty-six Dutch miles in the least, which makes near one hundred of our English miles. The miseries which that poor creature did and must undergo, especially if the stag killed him not in running, cannot be expressed, hardly imagined."

In a Hotel in this state, a letter had remained over the mantlepiece for many months, directed to some unknown place in Ohio. At last, it was thought advisable to open it, and see if its contents threw any light on the subject, so that it might be forwarded to the person for whom it was intended. On unfolding it, their eyes were greeted with the following, in characters corresponding with the orthography:

"Dear Kuzzin———Gif my luff to Ant Betsy. We are all well, thank God!———Ant Caddogan has hang'd herself—very affkshinately ures.
MISKA PARKINS."

IRISH LOVE FOR FIGHTING.—"Some peasants belonging to opposite factions had met under peculiar circumstances; there were, however, two on one side and four on the other. In this case, there was likely to be no fight; but in order to balance the number, one of the more numerous party joined the weak side; "bekase boys, it would be a burnin' shame, so it would, for four to kick two; and, except I join them, by the powers, there's no chance of their being a bit of sport, or a row at all at all." Accordingly he did join them, and the result of it was, that he and his party were victorious—so honestly did he fight."—*Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry, 2d. edit.*

SKETCHES BY A BRIEFLESS LAWYER

TRESPASS ON THE CASE.

THE following is one of the counts in a declaration I received one morning, with a note from a gentleman with whom I was slightly acquainted informing me that he would call at my office in the evening, and consult me about a defence.

"For that whereas the said William S—— conniving and wrongfully and unjustly intending to injure the same James W——, and to deprive him of the service and assistance of Mary F——, the ward and servant of him the said James W——, heretofore, to wit," (here followed the allegation, and the count continued:) "by means of which said several premises, she, the said Mary F—— for a long space of time, to wit, from the day and year first above mentioned, hitherto became and was unable to do or perform the necessary affairs and business of the said James W——, so being her guardian and master as aforesaid, thereby he, the said James W——, during all that time, lost, and was deprived of the service of his said ward and servant at —— aforesaid."

Such are the legal terms in which one of the most extraordinary cases that ever came under my notice, was stated. The plaintiff I knew to be a man of wealth and high standing in society: and the ward, for whom he brought this suit, I had also known a year before as the reigning belle of ——. And proudly, for a brief period, did she reign. Young, talented, beautiful, and rich, she possessed attractions for all classes of men, and her admirers were in proportion to her attractions. But, without any apparent cause for so doing, she had suddenly withdrawn herself from society, and at the time I received the note from my client, I had not heard of or seen her for months.

The defendant I had been in the habit of meeting in society, but had little acquaintance with him. He could not, I think, have been over two-and-twenty at that time. His appearance, at first sight, was anything but attractive. One of his legs had, in his youth been broken by a fall, and having been badly set, became so crooked, that when he stood upon one leg, the foot of the other was five or six inches from the ground. His head was beautifully formed, and highly intellectual in its character. On his broad and noble forehead, thought had already affixed its impress; and in his clear calm eye there was an indication of mind which could not be mistaken. His manner was reserved, and in general, perfectly collected; but I had noticed in him, at times, an impatience of observation, and a morbid sensibility on the subject of his deformity. He appeared to shrink from any thing like familiarity from either sex; and, at the time I first met him in society, apparently had no other object than to hang on the outskirts of the circle which the beautiful girl, for whom this action was brought, always drew around her—to watch the changes of her countenance, and catch every word that fell from her lips. Afterwards, they were both so much occupied with one another, when I saw them, as most effectually to preclude the possibility of an intimacy with others.

I was, most probably, indebted to the following incident for my retainer on this occasion.

At a ball, given in honor of the birthday of Miss T——, by her guardian, I observed S——, towards the close of the entertainment, assisting a young lady, who was apparently very much agitated, in ascending the stairs which led to the ladies dressing room. The circumstance did not excite much attention in me at the time, as I thought it probable it was some lady, who, from the excessive heat of the dancing room, had become faint. A few moments afterwards, I made my adieus, and ascended to the gentlemen's apartment. While I was putting on my over coat S—— rushed into the room, in the greatest agitation, looked wildly and searchingly around, and then running up to me and clasping my hand in both of his, begged me to get some water and come to his assistance in the adjoining chamber. I caught up a pitcher, which stood on a stand in one corner, and hurriedly followed him. He turned around as I entered, and exclaimed, "She's dead, she's dead!" in a tone of agony and despair, which I shall never forget. On a sofa, lifeless and pale as marble, lay the lovely girl, in honor of whom the *fete* had been given. Her eyes were closed, and her hair, long and dishevelled, partially concealing her face, had spread over her neck and shoulders. My first impression was that she was dead; but, having sprinkled a little water in her face, and felt her pulse, I discovered that she had only fainted. She soon began to give evidences of returning life, and S——, who had hitherto stood motionless, gazing intently upon her, suddenly sprang towards her, and pushing me hastily aside, clasped her passionately in his arms; then turning to me said, "I bind you to me forever; lead Miss F—— down stairs, and account for her faintness by the heat. I will see you at your house to night."

I left the room. I approached Miss F——, who, on observing me, hid her face with her hand, and appeared so much agitated that I was about to withdraw and again faint,) and gently taking her hand, expressed my anxiety for her health, and my fear least the closeness of the room, with her exertions to entertain her friends, had injured it, led her down stairs; and, after a few words of explanation to her mother, took my leave.

I did not find S—— at my house, as I expected. From that time he appeared studiously to avoid me, and never, during our occasional meetings afterwards did he allude to the extraordinary scene I had witnessed. But I am persuaded, as I before remarked, that I owed my retainer more to the fact that I was acquainted with the above details, than to any estimation in which he might have held my professional attainments.

As he had promised in the note mentioned at the commencement of this communication, S—— called upon me in the evening. After a few remarks on common-place topics he entered upon the business of our meeting. He professed himself unable to conceive the object of Miss F—— or her guardian, in bringing the suit. It was known to them, he said, that he had come into the possession of a fortune, which had raised him from indigence to comparative opulence; but he thought the desire of obtaining damages could not have prompted them to a proceeding so fraught with ruinous disclosures and shame.

After a vain attempt by interrogatories to gain some information from him by which I could reconcile the present conduct of Miss F—— with the character I had known her—a proud, high-spirited and admired female—I ceased my questioning, and frankly told S——"my perplexity.

"You are already acquainted," said he, in answer "with some portion of my intercourse with Miss F——, and I do not know why I should hesitate on an occasion like this, to give you a brief account of the origin of our intimacy, and its continuance down to this time. You may perhaps remember, that about two years since I came to this place, and commenced the study of the law. I had chosen it as a profession, and at that time supposed I should have to depend upon it for a future support. For the first six months after my arrival I strenuously resisted all the attempts of my friends to draw me into society, and devoted myself most ardently and diligently to my profession. At the expiration of this time, a favorite cousin arrived in ——, and a few days afterwards I yielded to her earnest and pressing solicitations, and accompanied her to a large evening party. I was leaning on the arm of an acquaintance, gazing listlessly on the gay and bewildering scene before me occasionally making such passing comments, and too often betraying the little interest I took in it, when my companion, with an exclamation of admiration, drew my attention to a young female, standing near the door, surrounded by half-a-dozen gentlemen. Never had I seen a being more beautiful. But I need not attempt to describe Miss F—— to you. There are few who saw her at that time who will soon forget her. The symmetry of her form, and the regularity of her features, attracted but little of my attention on first beholding her. It was in her eyes, and in the expressions of her countenance, that I found cause for admiration; and I gazed until admiration was changed to wonder, as I saw there the different emotions of the soul portrayed. As I looked towards her she turned her face beaming with a mingled expression of delight and surprise, to answer some remark with which she was evidently pleased. A moment afterwards I saw her lip curl with scorn, and her eye flash, as she replied to some impudent observation of one of these pests of society, denominated 'fashionable young men.'

I begged my friend to introduce me. He readily offered compliance, and we walked towards her. During the time I had been gazing, the circle around her had considerably increased. My friend caught her eye as we approached, and presented me. She merely bent her head, and taking no further notice of me, continued her conversation. I was somewhat chargrined at the indifference with which she received me, but lingered near her, intending to take an opportunity to address her. She apparently was aware of my object, and seemed determined not to indulge me. I was twice on the point of speaking, when she carelessly looked another way. At length I addressed her, and in rather an embarrassed manner made some trifling observation on the heat of the room. Without making any reply, she turned away, with a haughty toss of her head, and spoke in an under tone to a gentleman who was standing on the other side of her. I was confounded; but my astonishment was soon changed to indignation, when I heard her make use of the terms, *stranger* and *impertinence*, in such a manner as to leave no doubt that they were applied to me. I soon afterwards left the house, and hurried to my room. It was in vain that I racked my brain to discover some cause for this extraordinary treatment. I could attribute it to nothing but a wanton disregard of the forms and decencies of society, or to some sudden dislike she had taken to me on account of my deformity. 'Whichever it may be,' I mentally exclaimed, 'she shall repent it. No one, not even a woman, shall treat me with scorn, or regard lightly my claims on their attention.' I never knew why it was that I was so much affected by this occurrence. Such a reception from most women I should have regarded lightly, or have noticed merely by a smile of contempt; but here I felt differently. I was mortified, and deeply offended. In an uncontrollable agony of feeling I brooded over the insult I had endured, which I felt to have been more an insult when received from the hands of a beautiful woman. I determined that my revenge should be as new as it was signal. I swore in the bitterness of the moment that if I had to sacrifice every other interest of my life, if my way to her should be through mortification, through insult and through disgrace, I would gain her love. If I trampled myself before her to degradation; if, worm-like, and in the dust, my first advances were to be made, and scorned. I would still pursue. I would crawl up to her in prosperity, I would descend to her in degradation, and in misery; and scorned, and rejected in either situation, I would still persevere. I would approach her in moments of happiness, when her face was radiant, and her pulse beating with delight, and while presenting pleasure's bowl, I would then endeavor to win her affections. I would draw near to her when sorrow had thrown her dark shadow over her, and the 'sun of her happiness had set,' I would dash the cup of misery from her lip, and even then still more seek her love. I would gain it, and then—but I will not anticipate.

"I entered early upon the prosecution of my plan of revenge. The next morning I called and inquired for Miss F——, at her guardian's house, was told that she was engaged, and left my card. From this period to —— was a more constant attendant at parties or more frequently seen at public places than myself. I often made advances to Miss F——, when I met her in society, but was as often coldly repulsed. The most I could gain was a direct, and generally a monosyllabic answer to the questions or observations I addressed to her. But my attention was never withdrawn from her. I embraced every opportunity to study her character. I drew near to her in society, heard her conversation, learned her tastes, her habits, her manner of thinking—and when I had acquired sufficient for my purpose, I made another call. This time I was admitted, but received in such a manner as convinced me I was not welcome. I was not however dismayed. I had prepared myself for the visit, and whatever power of pleasing I possessed, was displayed. I turned the conversation on subjects which I knew were agreeable to her, and with which I had made myself conversant. I left her with the conviction that I had risen a step in her estimation. I fear that that I am running too much into detail—more so than is necessary to give you a correct understanding of my conduct. I will be less minute.

"My progress in the esteem of Miss F—— was slow but sure. I had this advantage; I knew her well and adapted myself to her tastes. I dazzled her mind with the treasures which had rewarded the incessant application of my previous life to study. I wooed her imagination in the golden language of poetry, and words of passion—passion no longer feigned—crowded for utterance.

"Wretch that I am, I am not yet hardened enough to linger over the scenes of this period, when mad with revenge and intoxicated with love, I unrelentingly pursued my devoted victim. I cannot describe my feelings, when my hardearned triumph was completed, and I drew from Miss F—— the cause of her treatment of me on our first introduction. In the confidence of unbounded affection, and in the fulness of a contrite heart, self-condemning, and deprecating my resentment, she confessed that my personal deformity had at first excited her contempt. She disliked the haughty manner of one on whom the hand of misfortune had been so ruthlessly laid, and had wished to humble him. She had humbled him—but in doing so, she had destroyed hers If.

"You saw me when we awoke from our delirium. It was at her birth-night ball that she implored me to save her from impending disgrace by marriage. She was so agitated by the disclosure she had made, that I persuaded her to ascend to the dressing-room. It was in vain that she here appealed to me again, and on her knees conjured me to rescue her while it was yet possible. The swoon into which she fell on receiving my answer, continued so long that I became alarmed and rang for assistance. I found you. You saw what she suffered; but you could not, you cannot conceive the anguish which tore my bosom. I loved her then, and love her even at this moment; but I can never make her my wife."

Here S—— closed his narrative. During the latter part of it he had risen from his seat in great agitation, and with a brow alternately pale and flushed, with clenched hands and with a rapid and almost inarticulate utterance, had hurried through its details.

The reader has probably before this come to the same conclusion that I did—that neither Miss F—— nor her guardian could seriously intend to prosecute the suit. I was satisfied that they must have been acquainted with the state of S——'s feelings; and had expected that the fear of the ruinous exposure, to a being still dear to him which must follow a suit, would force him into an alliance. They were not altogether disappointed. I found, on after conversation with S—— that he shrunk with absolute horror from the contemplation of the consequences of a public trial, and that notwithstanding his present declarations he had at one time resolved to embrace the alternative. I determined to seek an interview with the guardian of Miss F——, and telling S—— to call on me in the morning, late as it was, made my way to the residence of Mr. W——. I found him at home and alone, and stated to him at once the subject of my interview with S——. I was not mistaken. He had not only taken this course for the purpose of forcing S—— into an alliance, but had taken it without the knowledge of Miss F——. He frankly told me that if these proceedings should not have the effect, he desired, he should discontinue them; but would not for one day to forbear communicating this fact to my client.

I found at our next interview that a night's reflections had produced an entire change in ——'s feelings. He had resolved on a marriage with Miss F——, not only as a matter of justice to her, but as an expiatory sacrifice for the indulgence of his revengeful passions. But when I mentioned the fact that Miss F—— was altogether ignorant of the measures that had been taken by her guardian, and that he had no intention of proceeding further, S—— could hardly contain himself. He could not, he said, too soon do justice to an injured woman, and hurried out of my office, exclaiming that he was the happiest fellow in the world.

No apology, I presume is necessary for the publication of the foregoing incident. They are already so widely spread, and are so well known that the mere fact of their being in print will add but little to their notoriety. I have adhered as closely as possible to the circumstances as they came under my observation, and disregarded entirely the thousand rumors afloat upon the subject. This narrative furnishes another evidence that *truth* is far more strange than fiction; and, although I lost my suit, I hope my readers will do me the justice to believe that I felt no regret at continuing "a briefless lawyer." *Mirror.*

WHO CAN BEAT THIS?—Yesterday an old veteran boatman, Mr. John Nichols, returning from Philadelphia with his Durham boat, in attempting to cross from the basin above the dam opposite this place, owing to a strong northwest wind, was forced over the dam, a descent of about 10 feet, and that too without shipping a gallon of water! The boat contained a return load from Philadelphia, and there were on board five persons, and all of whom came off safely. This specimen of *navigation*, we hope may never again be exhibited.—*Easton paper.*

At a public masked ball given at St. Petersburg on New Year's Day, no less than 22,984 persons are said to have been present.

NEY, "the bravest of the brave," fought five hundred battles for France, but never one against her. He was condemned for a single error, in the Chamber of Peers, by a vote of one hundred and sixty to seventeen, to die the death of a traitor. His widow receives a pension of 20,000 francs. What a lesson—*Transcript.*

PLEASANT TRAVELLING.—In Edinburg resides Mr C——, who is as huge, though not as witty, as *Falstaff*. It is his custom when he travels to book two places, and thus secure half the inside of the coach to himself. He sent his servant the other day to book him for Glasgow. The man returned with the following pleasing intelligence: "I've booked you, Sir; there weren't two inside places left, so I booked you *one in* and *one out*."

YANKEES UP TO THE CANADIANS.—We were of late much amused by the following anecdote:—A Yankee, having a disposition to become rich, as most Yankees have, but being in too great haste to do it honestly, made an excursion "o'er the border" after a certain *scrabbage* of bank notes, vulgarly cleped *stags*. He called upon the venders of this *light* sort of ware for a supply, and made his selection at the *quid pro quo* of $10 per hundred. He handed over the *equivalent* in U. S. bills and was *off*, leaving the Canadians to make the discovery that no diamond is quite so keen as the true Yankee, for they had been paid for their *stags* in counterfeit money!!—*N. H. Spectator.*

RACE FOR A WIFE.

Racing and running of every description, have become so common at the present period, that it may well be doubted, whether it is possible for any thing new or wonderful on the subject to be brought to light. We do not know, however, that we have ever heard, or read of any occurrence, of a more "physical" nature, than the tale we shall presently tell. There *is*, to be sure, a tale of a race between Atalanta and Hippomenes, told by some ancient traditionist, which, be it either the truth, as the musty mythologians of the old world called it, or fable, as the wise men and learned call it now, bears this much resemblance to our present history—both heroes run for a wife—and a similar cause to that which gained Hippomenes a bride, nearly lost one to our hero; the first won, by tossing his intended a golden apple—the last came nigh losing, by tampering with a bank note.

A few weeks ago, a country gentleman, whom we shall hold nameless, resident in the county of Maury, and state of Tennessee being under matrimonial engagement to one of the "daughters of men" set out one fine morning for Columbia, the chief place in said county, where the clerk of the county court had his head quarters, for the purpose of procuring, as he expressed it, "a pair of license." This wedding was a thing he had arranged in his mind about four months previous, and would have had it consummated long ere now, but having understood that the gallant law-givers of our state, intended shortly to reduce the marriage fee from seventy-five, to fifty cents, and having always an eye to the economical disposition of his funds, he determined to tarry a little until the law should be passed; calculating, and correctly too, that he would be a gainer of thirty-three and one third per centum on their cost at that time. Well, in due time the law was made, and our friend, as we mentioned before, set out with a beating heart, a smiling eye, and a thousand beatific visions of the blessedness of a married life, dancing merrily through his brain, and in good season arrived at the destined place. Here, after some little delay, in fruitlessly endeavoring to trade coon skins for the license, the clerk not being willing to sell for any thing but the "money up," he put up the cash and marched off in triumph with his paper, which authorized "any minister having the care of souls or any magistrate" having the care of bodies, to solemnize the rites of matrimony, between —— and ——. He read, and re-read the precious document, seeming as though he could never get tired of perusing its contents—showed it to all his friends around, and acted as if he had found a treasure of great value. But like the foolish barn yard fowl, which Esop in his book of fables, hath written about, "he crowed too soon," his boasting was rather premature, and in the end cost him pretty dear. Some half dozen waggish fellows, determined to show their wit and smartness, upon our innocent, and mob-like "lion," and accordingly while he was delightfully occupied in perusing the invaluable paper, which united two single folks, so tightly and closely together that they made but one in the eye of the law,—one of them accosted him with a proposition to sell his license, which was backed with a piteous tale of his having bought twice—that he had unfortunately lost both, and the clerk having some enmity against him, had refused to furnish him with any more, and wound up by offering him five dollars for the "pair" he had just purchased. Our friend taken with the liberality of the offer, hesitated but a short time—it was a good speculation, and in an evil hour for his happiness, he closed the bargain.

Not being able to get married without the legal sanction, he trudged back to the office for "more license." Here a difficulty awaited him, which he had not anticipated. He was told that the law allowed no man to be furnished more than once for the same wedding. He was thunder-struck! and begged, prayed, but all in vain, the clerk was inexorable; and with a heavy heart, he returned to find out the fellow who had outwitted him, and traded or swapped him out of his "true and lawful" license. To find him was an easy matter, for the roguish wags who first proposed the joke, had contrived to be unobserved witnesses of all that had taken place since his first bargain, and now appeared in full view, making merry over the cause of all his perplexities. Accosting the man with whom he had bargained, and showing the five dollar bill, he informed him he wanted to trade back. This was hooted at as a thing he would never do, not even for ten times that amount. Almost driven to madness by this unwelcome news, and the jokes they constantly passed on him, he resolved upon a desparate push for the recovery of his treasure. Placing the note in the hands of one of the company, he loudly asserted it was counterfeit; and while all were busy examining, seized the license, which his tormentor held carelessly in his hand; and commenced a race as if for life and death. A sham pursuit was immediately raised, and the "view hallo" started. John Gilpin's famous race, was nothing compared to this. Now that he had secured his license, he stopped not to peril life and limb, to gain his destined goal—Blind alleys and high fences, while in the suburbs of town, stopped not his career,—The tangled thicket, and the brush heap of the forest, stayed not his course—the little hills he jumped over, and the high hills he ran round,—creeks and branches were crossed, the cries of his pursuers constant sounding in his ears, till he was almost exhausted with terror and fatigue. Duck river at last appeared in sight, and he immediately plunged in, trusting to the mercy of 'wind and wave' rather than to that of those behind him.

This proved the Rubicon, beyond which his hunters would not go; and being satisfied with having sped him thus far on his journey to the house of his beloved, they returned—yelling and shouting at the glorious sport. Our hero soon arrived at the opposite bank, and emerged from the water, but what a sight!—Had he been a disembodied spirit, just escaped after suffering shipwreck in the river Styx, he could not have appeared in a more pitiful condition. Wet, and drooping as he was, he pushed on until he arrived at the house of his fair one's father, where he narrated all his perils and disasters—dried himself outwardly by a rousing fire—inwardly with a tumbler of hot punch—sent for a clergyman—produced the license, which had been the producing cause of all his troubles, and was married to his bride the same evening. Peace, plenty and happiness be around thee, my worthy friend; prosperity and fruitfulness be the portion of thy wife, and may thy children flourish as the olive trees around thy house.—*Franklin (Tenn.) Review.*

FOREIGN SELECTIONS.

LATEST FROM EUROPE. Wednesday the packet ship *Rhone*, Capt. Hathaway, arrived from Havre. Paris papers to the 29th of Feb. and Havre to the 1st. March are received. They contain nothing of much importance.

The Paris papers state that a duel was fought on the 26th February, in the Bois de Boulogne, near Paris, between the Count Leon, a natural son of Napoleon, and Mr Hesse, an Englishman and Aid-de-Camp of the Duke of Wellington.—The natural son of Napoleon killed the Aid-de-Camp of the Duke of Wellington.

The widow of a grocer at Mont de Marsan, (Ain.) on the 15th of January, gained a prize in the lottery, amounting to 30,000f., but her joy was so excessive that she died in the office on going to receive the money.

STILL LATER.—The packet ship CALEDONIA, Capt. Graham, arrived last Wednesday evening, by which we have received London dates to the 29th Feb. and Liverpool to the 1st of March.—We find nothing of great importance, and our selections are principally confined to local matters, &c.

The fears excited by the Cholera are daily diminishing.

Capt. Warrington, the officer who was second in command of the military at Bristol during the riots, has been found guilty by a Court Martial of the charges prefered against him, and sentenced to be dismissed the service, but on consideration of the extreme difficulty of the situation in which he was placed, between a military superior and the civil authorities, and that his offences were errors of judgment only, the court strongly recommended the Crown to remit the penalty.

THE DUEL BETWEEN GEN. MOORE AND MR. STAPYLTON.—There have been so many versions of the cause of the duel between these gentlemen, that we feel ourselves in a manner forced to come forward, in order to correct misrepresentation, and rescue the honor of an old and brave soldier from its consequences. Of Mr. Stapylton, at present, we shall say no more than is absolutely necessary for understanding the circumstances which brought him to the ground with a veteran who had been facing the enemies of his country before his recent antagonist was born. Mr. Stapylton was introduced to Miss Moore at Florence. He paid his addresses to her for some time, and at length was given clearly to understand that his suit was hopeless. In the irritation of disappointment (and let us hope that it proceeded from no more diabolical feeling,) aspersions were cast upon the conduct of a young lady, whose purity of thought and propriety of demeanor, should deter the most hardened slanderers from venturing an insinuation against it. Miss Moore's brother is still a boy, and on the father devolved the cruel necessity of vindicating his daughter's honor. On the ground an incident occurred which gives the lie to any imputation of unfair advantage having been taken of Mr. Stapylton. The principals were placed back to back—were directed each to walk forward six paces, and upon the word being given, to turn and *instantly* fire. Gen. Moore, on wheeling round, observed that Mr. Stapylton's back was still towards him; the general dropped his pistol and withheld his fire. The parties were again placed back to back—they advanced, turned round at the same moment—the result is known.—*The Town.*

RETORT UNCOURTEOUS.—Lady Wallace was one day at an auction, bidding away at a great rate, when her brother-in-law, Mr. Fordyce, who had been a bankrupt, but had settled matters with his creditors in a very comfortable manner, said, "Lady Wallace, if you go on in this way you'll break." "No matter," said she, "I may then be able to follow the example of some of my friends, and live twice as well as ever."

A Highland trout died lately in a well at Greenfield, in the parish of Moneydie, which was put into it exactly seventeen years ago; it died a natural death.—*Edinburgh Advertiser.*

ANTIQUITIES.—Several large parcels of ancient coins were lately discovered by a man employed in removing the butt of an oak pollard at Wickham Skeith, near Eye, Suffolk. One of the parcels contained five hundred pieces, and the other about two hundred more. One of them bears the name and head of Canute, another is supposed to be of the reign of Edred, A. D. 946.

Sir Walter Scott is expected to have an interesting interview with Goethe in the course of his German tour. A translation of Goethe's "Goetz von Berlichinzen" was Sir Walter's maiden publication.

EXPEDITION TO THE NIGER.—It is, we are informed, the intention of a company of merchants at Liverpool to equip a steamer of 100 tons burthen, and other vessels for a trading voyage up the Niger. The vessels, it is expected, will leave Liverpool about May next.—*Literary Gazette.*

The celebrated jockey, Buckle, died last week. Fifty years' experience proved him to be the best rider ever known—his last race was at the close of the Houghton Meeting, 1831, when he took his leave of the turf.

RANK AND FASHION.—In reference to some second hand chatter from butlers and ladies' maids, which has delighted the news-makers lately, a contemporary states that "there has never been the slightest difference or misunderstanding between any of his Majesty's children and Sir Augustus D'Este, and that no title of marquis's son was ever offered to him."

CRIM. CON.—In the Court of Common Pleas on Thursday last, Mr. John Wallis, formerly a barrister, afterwards a puisne judge in Upper Canada, obtained a verdict for one thousand pounds, against Capt. Barnard, of the 68th Light Infantry, for criminal conversation with his wife, who was Lady Mary, the daughter of Lord Strathmore.

The following notice has been issued from the Vice-Chamberlain's Office:—"It is particularly requested, that all ladies attending the Drawing-room, will appear in dresses of British manufacture." The Queen is at all times a strict observer of this rule.

GLUTTONY.—At the Royal Oak inn, Burnley, on Wednesday evening, a native of the sister island undertook, for two quarts of ale, to eat 12 pounds of potatoes, and two red herrings, in ten minutes; but *broke down* when he had swallowed the herrings and *nine pounds* of potatoes in not quite seven minutes'—*Blackburn Gazette.*

The Surrey Stag Hounds, on Friday last, turned out a favorite deer at Sutton Grove for a day's sport, before a large field of sportsmen well mounted. The deer went away in gallant style towards Mordan, turning short to the right, crossing the River Wandle to Beddington-corner, across Mitcham-common, through the deep to Pollard's hill, crossing the Croydon-road to Biggin hill and Norwood, into Mrs. Nesbit's park, where the fences were taken with gallant style through Dulwich Woods, across Sydenham-common, across the Canal, which was swam by two young sportsmen well known in the hunt. The deer took to Brockham and Penge-common, where he was taken after a fine run of one hour and forty minutes over a fine country and plenty of fencing.

A TOUCH OF THE TERRIBLE.—A gentleman of Boston has received a letter from Ireland, in which it is stated that the atrocious crime of "Burking" has been discovered to have been practised in a horrible manner in one part of the country. A fiend, in the shape of a woman, has been detected carrying four children, one of whom she had already sacrificed, and the other three were doubtless intended for a similar fate.—*London Times.*

MR. BLANCHARD.—The following *jeu d' esprit* from the London Spectator, on the occasion of this gentleman's departure from England, is very apt at the present time, he being engaged and playing some of his best characters at the American Theatre in this city.

"LISTON AT THE OLYMPIC."

"Who'd have thought it? Six months ago I could not have believed it—and yet HERE I AM." These are LISTON'S first words, as he opens the part of *Dominique the Resolute*, in the Piece entitled "*Tall of the Devil*"—at Madame Vestris's Olympic Theatre; and certainly we were as much surprised as himself, to find our first and choicest laugh begetter drawn from the wide stage he has been accustomed so long to fill, and cooped up in the narrow limits of Vestris's boudoir. What powerful charm has the enchantress employed to secure so brilliant a conquest? Of what Circean cup did he drink that he has not only yielded, but seems to be delighted with his lot? What philtre has been employed? Surely it was not of that potent kind that has robbed us of our *Pelonins*, the veteran BLANCHARD, who has been seduced across the Atlantic by his daughter. He, it appears, withstood every thing till in the agonies of parting, his beloved child threw herself on his bosom, and sobbed out the affectionate offer of *thirty pounds per week*. What would we not have given to see the resigned air of the subdued father at that moment! How he would double up his red pocket handkerchief! how carefully he would tie his hat on, and taking his fair seducer under his arm, march off, as if he could walk across the Atlantic in a windy day. *True* and *trusty Blanchard*, adieu! The Yankees will scarcely know how to appreciate thee: thy services are not of the night, but of the year—like an old clerk, whom nobody thinks of, but who is as necessary to the house as a ledger—thy virtue is only discovered after a life of servitude. Should thy daughter's affection wane, and the thirty pounds a week miss stays, think of thy old masters BELL & Co. at home: pack up thy snuff-colored coat, thy breeches of the same, the buckles and the grey stockings and the brown scratch, and let us once more behold thy most deplorable mahogany phiz, thy simplicity and perplexity, thy regularity and wonderment combined.* Let us once more behold thee scrutinizing *Mrs. Darlington's* bill, and puzzling thyself with that most mysterious and oft recurring entry of "*Pap a shilling!*" and then thou may'st depart in peace, "*still harping on thy daughter.*"

* Alluding to certain characters he performed.

ALGERINE NEWS, PAPER.—The authorities of Algiers have just ordered the publication of a small journal in French and Arabic, under the title of Moniteur Algerein. This paper, which will be devoted to administrative, judiciary, and commercial advertisements, is to appear once a week. The first number appeared on the 27th ultimo.

JEANIE DEANS.—A handsome monument to the memory of the female who was the model Sir Walter Scott took for the character of Jeanie Deans, is to be erected in the church-yard of Irongray, Dumfries-shire, at the expense of the talented baronet.

PAGANINI AT LIVERPOOL.—The Mayor of Liverpool has distributed the sum of 224*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.* among several charitable institutions; being the proceeds of the Concert at which the above celebrated performer gave his services.

A PROVISION FOR LIFE.—A laborious special pleader, being constantly interrupted by the mewing of his favorite cat, at length (resolving to get rid of it,) told his clerk to take and place the disturber where it might remain in safety, but still where it could never get out. The clerk instantly walked off with poor puss in the lawyer's bag; and on returning, being asked by his master whether the noisy animal had been so disposed of that it could not come back, the cat-carrier drily answered—"Certainly, I have put him where he cannot get out—in the Court of Chancery!"—*Frederick Reynold's Life and Times.*

A maiden lady in Workington has a duck, which, in the course of the last seven months, has laid no fewer than one hundred and forty eggs! It is so perfectly tame that it follows its mistress with all the constancy of a lap-dog, and may frequently be seen in the streets, waddling behind her with most persevering exertion.

Fox-hunting has scarcely ever had such an open season as the present has been, and the accounts from all the crack establishments speak of a proportionate run of good sport.

Mr. Applewhite's hounds (late Lord Benson's) had one of those things, on Monday, which every lover of fox-hunting would have been delighted to have seen. They met at Sealwoods at 11 o'clock, and, in ten minutes, they found a gallant old fox who led them away in good style, and was run into an open field at Huddlesford, within two miles of Litchfield, at half-past twelve, which, by the road, is ten miles from where they were found.—*Birmingham Journal.*

A NAPT REPARTEE.—"Isn't your *hat* sleepy?" inquired a little urchin of a gentleman with a "shocking bad un" on. "No; why?" inquired the gentleman. "Why, because I think it's a long time since it had a *nap*," was the answer.

SALARIES OF ACTORS AND ACTRESSES.—At Drury-Lane the nightly expenses are 250*l.*, caused by giving salaries to the actors, not inferior in amount to those of state ministers. Macready has 35*l.* for three nights' performance per week, and if he could make a play run, in which he had a part, he would become, by his engagement, entitled to 65*l.* per week. Wood has 25*l.* and his wife 20*l.* Mr. Ferren and Mrs. Faucit have 43*l.* Harley has 30*l.*, for imitating Jack Bannister—the original never had more than half the sum. Wallack has 27*l.* 10*s.*

GENUINE TRAGIC FEELING.—Porus, an Athenian actor, was upon one occasion appointed to sustain the character of *Electra*, who, in the course of the drama, appears with an urn, containing, as she supposes, the ashes of Orestes. The actor having recently lost a favorite child, procured for the occasion the urn which actually contained its ashes, which affected him so much that the audience soon perceived that the reality of his grief was such as no actor could assume.

A new opera at Covent Garden—another version of *Robert le Diable*, with Meyerbeer's music, is announced. Miss Inverarity and Miss Shernoff, with Braham, &c. will support it.

In the farce called *The Half-Pay Officer*, performed in 1720, a part was well sustained by an actress 85 years of age. The announcement was as follows:—"The part of *Lady Richlove* to be performed by Peg Prior, who has not appeared upon the stage these fifty years!" After the farce she danced a jig with the agility of a girl of five-and-twenty.—*New Casket.*

MUSICAL ANECDOTE.—Correlli, the Paganini of the 17th century, possessed a vein of good humored pleasantry, of which the following is an agreeable instance. Adam Strunck, violinist to the Elector of Hanover, arriving at Rome, immediately paid him a visit. Correlli, not knowing his person, but learning in the course of conversation that he was a musician, asked what was his instrument. Strunck replied that he played a little on the harpsichord and violin, and begged the favor that Correlli would let him hear his performance on the latter instrument. Correlli politely complied, and, on laying down the violin, requested a specimen of his visiter's abilities. Strunck began to play rather carelessly, but so well as to induce Correlli to pay him a compliment on the freedom of his bow, and to remark that, with practice, he would become an excellent player. Strunck then put the violin out of tune, and began to play with such skill, correcting with his fingers the mistuning of the instrument, that Correlli, in amazement at his dexterity, exclaimed, "I am called *Archangelo*, but, by Heaven, sir, you must be *Archi-diavolo!*"—*Metropolitan Magazine.*

BANKS.—The charters of the Kennebunk, Saco, Cumberland, Bath, Winthrop, Waterville and Bangor Banks, in Maine, and of the Newburyport, Mendon, Phenix and Sutton Banks, in Massachusetts, have expired.

EDITORIAL ARTICLES.

THE CRITICS *vs.* THE POETS.

We give it up! the reign of universal, eternal peace, harmony and concord is never destined to visit with its gladdening influences this jarring, discordant world; (and, now we think of it, the well-meaning but Quixotic philanthropists of the American Peace Society, would show their sense, as well as economy, by *re-pocketing* the $500 premium which they have offered for the best plan of preventing wars in future—the thing is utterly impractical.) No sooner has one cause of contention been taken away—one stream of human blood staunched—than its place is supplied with another, equally or pre-eminently calculated to add to the vast aggregate of misery and turmoil which this world seems fated to endure. We say this with special reference to the political state of affairs, and in that sense its justice cannot fail to be felt and acknowledged:—For example,—Russia, after having in turn flogged the Persians and the Turks as long as their means or their neighbors would permit, and then beaten the Poles till there were none left to destroy, is now (if we may credit European letter-writers) itching for a round with the great liberal powers of Europe, and nearly, if not quite determined to make the still-pending Belgian question the pretext for bringing on a general set-to. Turkey, whom every body would suppose had received enough of this sort of fun in its bloody and disastrous contests with the Greeks and the Russians, is so far from becoming weary of the sport, that in the absence of foreign enemies, his Majesty the Emperor of the Faithful, and his Excellency the Pacha of Egypt have resolved on getting up a quarrel of their own, and slaughtering a few thousands of each other's followers, just by the way of keeping their hand in. Besides, who does not know that in France there are multitudes who long for a second edition of the glorious days of July, and numbers who hope for a repetition of the scenes of Marengo and Austerlitz? But even in our own country the mania of *combativeness* appears to be rapidly spreading. True, the late attempts at duelling by our valorous statesmen at Washington have not resulted in any extraordinary carnage; so far from it is the fact that we believe they have not deprived the nation of the valuable services of any of the said belligerents; yet still the *temper* displayed was of the true gunpowder stamp, though the *courage*, which should accompany it, may have been wanting, (fortunately or unfortunately, which shall we say?) Moreover, our ears perpetually stunned with the alarms of approaching civil war, &c. &c.? But hold!—it becomes not us to enter upon the exciting topics of nullification, Indian rights and wrongs, and the like. They come not within the purview of our unsophisticated journal. We have been aiming to arrive in due time in the neighborhood of a fierce quarrel, which has recently broken out (or, we should rather say, been revived,) between the reviewers and the poets of our country with regard to the merit of their respective productions.

The commencement of this controversy may be found in the last number of the *American Quarterly Review*, wherein a violent attack was made upon the works of the most gifted and distinguished poets of the Union; accompanied by sundry grave and weighty charges of false style, old cast of meaning, or entire want of meaning, carelessness of language, and so on. It was in substance a sweeping denunciation of the school of poetry now in vogue among us, which the reviewer denominates the "Lake School." So much for the article; which, as we regard it, is only calculated to excite attention in connexion with the notice which has been bestowed upon it. It was not remarkable either for judgment or wit; and was characterized throughout by a sprit of harshness and ill-nature, amounting to spleen, which is little calculated to make proselytes or admirers. But the appearance of such an article in the American Quarterly, though by no means creditable to its editor, is less calculated to excite surprise than the course which has been pursued in relation to it by the friends of the poetical genius (or geniuses) of our country. Instead of being content to let it drop certainly and speedily into oblivion, as they should have done, or to examine and refute it triumphantly, as they might have done, they have seen fit to answer it by pouring a torrent of personal abuse upon the head of the unlucky writer of it. It was discovered that he is a physician; and forthwith a shower of pill-boxes and other "articles in his line" was directed against him with unexampled venom and fury. It was ascertained that he is also an unsuccessful author; and immediately the garrets and cellars of the book stores were ransacked for ponderous volumes of his still-born novels to fling at his devoted head. And in these researches among departed things, one of the devotees of the muses, (who seem, to feel piqued that he was *not* thought worthy of special notice and condemnation by the reviewer) has stumbled upon a scene in one of the said critic's romances, in which the hero and heroine regale themselves *tete-a-tete* upon a bowl of pudding and milk, (rather unromantic this, we grant you;) and thereupon, the poet proceeds to throw a dish of that nutritious compound into the face and eyes of the unfortunate critic, author, doctor, or whatever he may term himself, without ceremony. Altogether he seems to have had by far, the worst of the battle; and we doubt not that if he once gets out of his present awkward predicament, he will ponder well his goings before he again involves himself in a quarrel with the pugnacious bards of America.

THE OLD COUNTRYMAN.—There are few papers in this city which are better conducted, and none to which we more cordially wish abundant success than "The Old Countryman." Its columns ever display a great variety of matter, judiciously selected, and we were pained to observe in the No. for this week, a charge upon ourselves of "invariably" selecting from it all "its humorous, sporting and other light matter." Even if this was founded in fact, the Editors of that paper have no right to complain, for the articles themselves *are not* original, but selected from foreign papers, and we have *purchased* their sheet whenever we have read it. The Editors of that print would fain have it appear that *they only* of all the weekly papers in this city, receive by the Packets, regular files of Foreign papers &c.—which with us, at least, happens not to be the case. We have on our table no less than 25 papers received by the last packet, and is it strange that selecting from the *same foreign* papers, we should insert the same matter that is found in the Old Countryman? We have papers now before us, from London, Liverpool, Edinburgh, Dublin, Greenock, Manchester, Birmingham, Preston, Portsmouth, Paris, Havre, and other places, in as great variety probably as this same ill-used Old Countryman, which though copied in every state in the union, we have not presumed to question the right or propriety of so doing. It would be perfect foolishness in them to give us credit for articles we selected from foreign papers, although our being enabled to do so, is exceedingly expensive.

The real cause of the silly charge is that there has been discovered a "rottenness in Denmark," which gave occasion for a wag to scribble on the margin of the paper in question, "O what a fall[ing off] was that, my countrymen." The allusion indistinct as it is, we presume will be understood by those it *may* interest, and so endeth this chapter.

"BLOOD AND CARNAGE! The pugilistic propensity among national and state legislators this season is most horrifying; Massachusetts ought to provide, immediately, at least one dozen straight jackets, to be worn by certain members, specified in an act establishing the Lunatic Hospital, "in such cases made and provided."

What, gentle reader, do you can you think of the descendants of the sleek, long haired Puritans of "old Plymouth Colony?" "one dozen straight jackets!" for the use of the members of the Mass. Legislature!! This item of expense in the Treasurer's report would *have a tendency* to make people stare!

That our readers may know the why and the wherefore of this business, it seems necessary that we should state that a member of the House, taking umbrage at some remarks made by a country editor on his Legislative duties &c. took occasion to write the said editor a letter, informing him that he should be in his vicinity in the course of a week, "when he would administer full and sufficient chastisement on him for his insolence!" Well might the luckless wight cry out with Hamlet, "Angels and ministers of grace defend us;" he confesses he felt no little trepidation on reading this letter, which was expressed in language "so strong and unequivocal, its meaning and intent could not be mistaken; so as matter of self preservation—for we are a small man, and "Ich" our antagonist, a prodigious, great, big, banging one—we made immediate application to the military authority, and the Colonel of the First regiment has ordered his troops to be in readiness with ball cartridges and four days provision, at a moment's warning; as further security against sudden attack, signal staffs will be placed upon Holyoke to announce the approach of the enemy on the Boston road, so that there will be no boy's play. And now

"Lay on Macduff,
And d——d be he that first cries, hold, enough."

PLAGIARISM.—It may be recollected, that the Editor of N. E. Galaxy, a few weeks since, accused us of "cribbing" no less than three of his own humble editorials, and introducing them into *fashionable* life as the veritable children of our own "brain;" whereupon we summoned him before the "Supreme Court of Public Opinion," to "shew cause" if any he had, why the said accusation "should not by us be pronounced libellous," &c. After duly appearing before said Court, the defendant has moved that a *non-suit* be entered, and the proceedings suspended, in the following words, to wit:

"And now the said Editor of the New-England Galaxy comes into Court, (and first acknowledging the jurisdiction thereof) saith that the Plaintiff's their action thereof against him ought not to have and maintain, because he saith that before the time when the same publication was made by him, to wit, on the 17th inst.; in a paper by him published, viz. on the 3d inst. three editorial pieces appeared which are hereunto annexed, marked A, B, and C, and because further, in a paper published in N. York, by the said Editors of the "Spirit of the Times," on the 10th inst. three articles were also published as editorial, in the same words, as will appear by the attested copy of the same hereunto annexed and marked D, E, F."

[Here follow the copies of the said "three humble editorials."

"Wherefore the Defendant prays the Hon. Court the aforesaid complaint may be dismissed and for his costs.

"EDITOR *New England Galaxy.*"

The annexed copies [which we have not room for] marked D, E, and F, *do* correspond, with but one exception, to three articles inserted in our paper of the 10th ult. But the Galaxy says, they were "three of" his "humble editorials." We must now as in duty bound, proceed to show with what justice he lays claim to them as his own.

The editor of the N. E. Galaxy, will find one of *his* "three humble editorials," [marked A, in schedule,] in the "Liverpool Times and Billings' Advertiser," an English paper received at this office, bearing date about the 11th of February, 1832, (we think, for we have loaned the paper,) which was *not* published in our paper as an "*editorial*," though it might have been in *his*, but inserted at the foot of a column among our English news.

The said Editor of the said N. E. Galaxy will find himself anticipated in another of his "three humble editorials," [marked B, in schedule,] by examining the files of the "Georgian," published at Savannah, and in half the city papers of the South.

The said Editor of the said N. E. Galaxy, *may possibly*, though we are inclined to doubt, lay claim to the third and last, of his "three humble editorials" which he himself credits to the "United States Gazette," published at Philadelphia, with the exception of the following words which are transposed merely from the Philadelphia prints:

"On Washington's Birth-day, 130 or 140 gentlemen dined together, at the Capital. The dinner which was served up at Barnard's Hotel, is described in a most rapturous manner in the U. S. Gazette. In the evening, however, "a *fracas*," &c.

Here commences the article from the United States Gazette, which, though credited to that paper, we suppose is to be considered as one of the "three humble editorials," before treated of.

Now, Mr. Galaxy, while we pity your "humble" frailties, which more or less all "flesh is heir to," we cannot help laughing at the tears you may have shed, at the fate of "your humble editorials." You however do us the justice to say that we "introduced them into fashionable life," which, "all things considered," is quite pretty of you. For fear that we may find something in our large exchange that may be claimed as one of your "humble editorials," we purpose shortly to do you the favor to forward our sheet for your especial edification, and shall also, *to oblige you*, whenever we may happen to meet with any of your "humble editorials," to do them and their "humble" author the honor of an introduction into "fashionable life."

Police Reports.

NEW-YORK.

CITY BANK ROBBERY. After a suspense of nearly a year, a clue was found which has ultimately led to the discovery of the remainder of the money, ($26,600) stolen from the City Bank. Great credit is due Messrs. Hopson and Hays, for their vigilance and activity in the successful prosecution and result of this affair. We make an extract from the Courier, which gives some interesting particulars.

In consequence of information obtained by Mr. Hopson, he accompanied by Mr. Benjamin Hays, left this city on Monday morning for Philadelphia, where they arrived in the evening, and immediately proceeded to the public square on Sixth st. near to the place designated by the information received.

After a short examination made by probing the earth, they discovered the proper spot. Mr. Hays immediately commenced digging, and at the depth of about 18 or 20 inches he reached a stone pot, about 12 inches in height and 4 inches in diameter, buried with its mouth down-wards. On raising this pot the officers found the top secured from damp by a covering made of a pair of leather gloves, and some paper. When this was removed they found that their information had not misled them, and as soon as possible they hastened to this city.

Yesterday morning the pot was delivered up in the Police Office to the officers of the Bank who were in attendance. So closely was it filled, that it became necessary to break it before its contents could be taken from it.

On an examination, the amount which it held was found to be $26,817. Of this sum $1,614 belonged to the Messrs. Allen's, and the remaining $22,203 to the City Bank.

The sum thus recovered, added to that received from Parkinson, and that found on the convict Smith, in Mrs. Bangs' house, amounts to $545, 730 leaving a balance of between $3000 and $4,000 due to the Bank—this sum however is fully accounted for in the account of disbursements to the lawyers and a variety of other expenditures. One bill for $500 was changed in Philadelphia by a fellow named Philips, alias Long Tom Coffin, who was an old associate of Murray's, and who made his escape from Botany Bay, to where he had been banished from England for his crimes.

VIOLENT ASSAULT.—Wednesday, two seamen named Wm. H. Jones and Peter McMann, were arrested on board the ship Joseph Maxwell, lying in the stream bound for S. America. The prisoners were shipped on board the vessel for the voyage; soon after she got into the stream they quarrelled with David Williams, the cook, and beat him with so much violence that his recovery is still doubtful. The mate of the vessel interfered and saved Williams, and the Capt. on learning the circumstance proceeded to the police office and there stated the circumstance. The officers were immediately sent on board the vessel, from whence they conveyed the prisoners to the city. They walked along peaceably until they arrived at the corner of Maiden lane and Pearl street, where Mc Mann made his escape from Mr. Thomas who was in a delicate state of health, he however, pursued and again arrested the fugitive. The latter immediately attacked Mr. T. with so much force that he was obliged to be carried home from the police office in a carriage. The assailant Mc Mann, was however secured by some citizens who conveyed him to the police office from whence he was committed with his companion to Bridewell.

PETTY THIEVING.—A young fellow of genteel appearance was arrested on Tuesday afternoon and committed for trial, on charges made against him of having stolen coats, cloaks, umbrellas, &c. &c. from hotels and respectable boarding houses in this city and in Brooklyn.

At the Exchange Hotel in this city, from whence he is charged with having stolen several cloaks, he was dressed in naval uniform and gave his name as Lieut. James S. Decatur. At the American Hotel, whence he stole a gold watch and about $50, he gave his name as James Williamson. In Clinton Hall, whence several articles of wearing apparel were stolen, he was known by the name of Harrier.

In the Police Office he gives his name as David Birdsal, and says he is from Dutchess county.

The prisoner has admitted himself guilty of several of the charges. *Courier.*

POLICE OFFICE.—A swindling vagabond calling himself *Col Pitch*, has been arrested in Albany, to answer to several well authenticated charges of having *picked* the pockets of several benevolent persons whose liberality he abused by passing himself off as an exiled Pole. The scoundrel was recognised as a well known pedlar of small wares.

ATTRACTION AND REPLETION.—A shabby genteel looking customer arrayed in an "errid bad hat" and a coat that had seen younger days, was brought up to the police office accompanied by a train of citizens, on a charge of having stolen a pair of shoes from a shoemaker's window in Cherry street.

When asked what he had to say to the charge, he with a very expressive hickup declared that he was merely passing along the street—having indulged a little in wine, he staggered against the window, the shoes attracted somehow by his shoulder fell, and dropped in his pocket.

Mag. Then you did not steal them?

Pris. O no no sir! I repel the charge most directly.

Mag. I am sorry you had so many attractive properties about you as to cause the shoes to leap from their hook.

Pris.—So am I sorry too sir, and I am willing to place them back where I found them.

Never mind, said the magistrate, we will not trouble you to walk so far.

The innocent philosopher was committed for trial.

LONDON.

A CONSCIENTIOUS CHIMNEYSWEEP.—A soot-begrimmed professor of the art and mystery of chimney-sweeping, who gave his name Horatio Burgoyne, was charged at the Mansion House, by a woman named Hanson, with having assaulted her, first with his fist, and then finishing the matter more leisurly with his foot. In corroboration of her statement, she called a Mr. Hanson, her husband, who declared "first and foremost he blowed the candle out of my hand, and then coteh'd my wife a precious whack on one side of her head, vich knocked her bonkers, and afterwards he kicked her legs most mercifully." Mr. Hanson further declared that the defendant was an astonishing genius at his profession, and that he would back him at knocked chimney work against the world. He had lately lost some "soot" and other "valuable" articles out of his cellar, but declined saying any thing on that point.

"Please yer Vership," said Burgoyne, "this here's a loug my missus, who obliges me to call her missus, though she arn't no missus of mine. Last night at half arter nine, just ven we made ourselves up a comfortable bed with the soot sacks and such like, I goes up to my missus, though she arn't no missus, and sis, don't you think to go for to do us out of our suppers, as you did last night. Vell, she makes answer and sis, you be blow'd, you shan't ha' none." I then got wex'd, and sarved her out. Here I've been eighteen years in the trade, and have always yarned a respectable livelihood till missus came, who arn't no missus. She starves us to give the whittles to her Hirish pals; and ven I axes her at dinner for a bit more, she gives me von tater and a bit of meat as is of no use, while master always used to cut me off a bellyful; but it's all along because I wont call her missus!

Mr. Alderman Wilson—Well, why don't you call her missus?

Burgoyne—She arn't no missus; she's only master's loomon; and it goes against my conscience to call her missus, ven she's a conkerbine (laughter.)

The beadle came forward and said that the house used to be a well-conducted one, but of late there had been such repeated disturbances that the parish had resolved to get rid of the whole of them. It was in vain for him to go into the house when a riot occured to take them into custody, for they escaped up the chimney.

Upon the promise of the defendant to seek another situation, the magistrare consented to dismiss the case.

"BURKING."—Amasa A. Walmsley, has been committed in Providence on a charge of having murdered *John Burke* in Sept. last.

WARNING.—The Fredonia, N. Y. Censor, says, "A cause was tried before a magistrate in this village last week which it may be of some benefit to make public. The stage in passing the saw-mill at Silver Creek, a few days since struck against a saw log that lay within the bounds of the highway, which threw a passenger out and injured him severely. The passengers prosecuted the owner of the log, and recovered forty-seven dollars damages.

DISTRESSING.—One of our Haverhill papers state that the dwelling house of Mr. James Kent, at Piermont, New Hampshire, was consumed by fire on Tuesday night last, and that three of his daughters perished in the flames!

IMPERTINENT QUERY.—A correspondent of the Olive Branch asks why do young ladies always turn their eyes to the marriages first, when they open a newspaper?

DUELLING.—A Scotch paper places all occurrences of this nature under the head of "Sporting."

PORTLAND A CITY.—The Portland Advertiser says—*We stop the press* to announce the fact, that Portland is now (or is about to be) a *City*. The vote has just been declared as follows:—Whole number of votes 1279, for city charter 780, against it 496."

LONGEVITY OF BIRDS.—A parrot recently died near Baltimore, that had been in the possession of one individual for 45 years. It died two days before its owner.

CHOLERA.—The report that a case of Cholera had occurred at Topsham, Maine, is pronounced by some of the Eastern papers to be without foundation.

MURDER.—The little Rock Arkansas Advocate of 22d ult. states, that Captain Dunlop, a very respectable and worthy citizen, was killed a few days before in Jefferson co. by one John F. Sapp, who has been arrested.

JUST THE "TOUCH."—A gentleman of this town, alike celebrated for his love of the *queer*, and his talents as an artist, having arranged his cabinet of curiosities in excellent order, was desirous of having some notice attached to it, which would deter visitors from handling the articles: it was thought that the hint might be more modestly presented in poetry. Accordingly the "muse" was *tapped*, and out flowed the following line: "Let no one touch these curiosities." This was very well thus far: but the question was, to find a rhyme to "curiosities," which would *preserve the sense*. A brother brush, who was present, immediately removed the difficulty, by penning the following, which was placed upon the cabinet:

"Let no one touch these curiosities,
For fear of breeding animosities."
Portland Advertiser.

Markets quoted for the benefit of the street inspector.

SATURDAY—dust heavy, but expected to rise Little done in sweeping. SUNDAY—dust going up rapidly. MONDAY—mud heavy, and likely to stick. Shovels not quoted.—*N. Y. American.*

SAVANNAH
JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

THE RACES over the Bonadventure Course, four miles distant from the city, will commence on *Wednesday, the 18th day of April next*, under the exclusive control and direction of the Stewards and Officers of the Club.

Free for any Mare, Horse or Gelding, in the United States.

First day—April 18. 4 Mile heats, for a purse of	$500
Second day—April 19. 3 Mile heats, for a purse of	$400
Third day—April 20. 2 Mile heats, for a purse of	$250
Fourth and last day—April 21. 3 in 5 of 1 mile heats for	$100

(and gate money of that day.)

Weights, &c. according to the rules of the Savannah Jockey Club.

☞ The Augusta Chronicle, Athenian, Milledgeville Journal, and Charleston Mercury, are requested to insert the above once a week until the 18th April.

RICHARD D. ARNOLD,
March 16th, 1832. *Secretary.*

JERUSALEM RACES.

THE second Spring Meeting will commence the second Tuesday in April next, and continue 4 days.

First day.—Sweepstake for 3 years old colts and fillies 1 mile heats—entrance $100, half forfeit—four subscribers to make a race, two already entered; and to close the 1st day of April.

Second day.—Proprietor's Purse—2 mile heats, $150.

Third day.—Jockey Club Purse—$500, 3 mile heats.

Fourth day.—Sweepstake for 3 years old colts and fillies, mile heats—entrance $500, half forfeit four subscribers to make a race, one already entered; to close the 1st day of April next.

The Subscriber having purchased the entire interest of this course, pledges himself to use all the means in his power (and they are ample) to give general satisfaction.—The track will be put in complete order, and good stables and litter furnished as usual.—The Newmarket rules to govern in all cases.

RICHARD S. NICHOLSON, *Proprietor.*

FAIRFIELD RACES,

WILL commence on the 4th Tuesday in April next and continue three days.

First day, a post sweepstake for colts and fillies, 3 years old, one hundred dollars entrance, play or pay. Six subscribers and closed.

MR. POTTS,	MR. WATSON,
MR. GARRISON,	MR. MINGE,
MR. JOHNSTON,	MR. ADAMS.

A sweepstake for colts and fillies, to close on the 1st of April—four or more to make a race; to which there are three subscribers.

Second day, Proprietor's purse, two mile heats, $300—entrance $15.

Third day, Jockey Club purse, four mile heat—entrance $20. Purse 600 dollars, without discount.

By order of the Club.
JOHN MINGE,
RICHARD ADAMS, } *Proprietors.*

COLTS SWEEPSTAKE.

ON Wednesday the 16th of May, 1832, a Colt's Sweep-Stake will be run for over the Lexington Course—two mile heats—free for any Colts foaled in the State of Georgia, the spring of 1829, Entrance 50 dollars, one half forfeit on failure to run. Five already entered.

And on the following day a Sweep-Stake, mile heats, over the same course, will be run for—free only for Colts foaled in the State, the Spring of 1829—30 dollars entrance, one half forfeit—two entered, and four to constitute a race. The races to be governed by the rules of the turf.

Persons wishing to enter Colts for either of the above Races, can do so by application, written or personal, to John D. Watkins, Secretary, by giving the name and pedigree of his Colt, at any time before Saturday the 17th of March, 1832.

Subscriptions will be received by the Secretary for a Sweep Stake Race, two mile heats, to be run for on the 18th May—free for Horses of all ages raised in the State, and who never won a Jocky Club Purse—weights according to age—four or more to constitute a race—Entrance 50 dollars, half forfeit. One gentleman has left his name with the Secretary, and will bind himself, when enough shall do so, to make the race. Subscriptions to this race will also be closed the 17th of March.

Marble.

H. CLINTON PAGE continues to supply orders for MARBLE WORK at his former stand, 132 Division street, New-York such as Gravestones, tombs, Cenotaphs, and Funernal Monuments, of every description, executed to order with elegance and despatch.

N. B.—H. C. P. from his former practice for the Jew burying ground in Montreal, will be able to execute inscriptions in the Hebrew letter with greater facility and in a style superior to any of he trade in the city. dec 10

LIFE IN NEW-YORK

NEW-YORK.

Saturday Morning, April 7, 1832.

☞ Subscriptions, Communications, &c. for this paper, received by Messrs. PEABODY & Co., No. 233 Broadway, adjoining the American Hotel.

THE SEASON.

Spring has fairly opened upon us at last; and New-York is gradually re-assuming the aspect of bustle, confusion and anxiety, which is so universally noted as distinguishing her among the commercial cities of the Union. Spring has come! and every thing is in motion, from the five hundred profound politicians on a Ward Committee, to the five feet of mud in the streets, which last is diminishing rapidly under the combined attack of the sun and the street inspectors. Spring is upon us! and the appearance of completed or progressing improvements, intended to meet the wants of our returning and increasing business, catch our eye at every stride. The industrious artisan wends his way at a quicker and more elastic step to his avocation or his residence; the dapper salesman casts from behind his counter the most insinuating and eager glances at his customer, saying as plainly as looks can declare, that he is an excellent humor for driving a bargain, and is determined not to let any trifling difference of opinion about *the terms* prove fatal to the yet unfinished contract. Spring has spread her balmy influence over us! A mid-day ramble on the Battery is grateful, a moonlight saunter in the Park delightful; and the soft, mild sea-breezes of a day of April sunshine, visit the brow of the sedentary or the convalescent with a freshness at once exhilirating and delicious. But we are verging on subjects which have, ere now, been entirely used up by the manufacturers of metre—so we forbear.

It may perhaps afford the clue to a moment's pleasant thinking, to note some of the odd contrasts which exist between the ideas which are associated in the mind of the cit with the return of spring, and those which the same event conjures up in the brain of the devotee of "rural felicity." By the one it is chiefly noted as the season of reviving commerce; by the other, of reviving vegetation. The rustic is charmed by the artless music of the feathered warblers, which at this season, render the forests articulate with their cheerful melody; while his counterpart is equally delighted with the more powerful, if not more harmonious "concord of sweet sound," which proceeds from the pipes of countless steamboats, which now begin to gather, and thicken, and throng around the wharves of the port, and "discourse most eloquent music," to the admirers of it. The one exults in the thought that nature has at last burst the iron fetters that enslaved her, and is now putting on her livery of rejoicing at her triumph over the stern dominion of winter; the other is glad that (thank fortune!) the North River is open once more, and there is a prospect of going to Albany for a dollar again before long.

But "comparisons are odorous." Whatever may be the benefits which each or any may expect to derive from the presence of the season of flowers, its advent is ever greeted by the spontaneous and enthusiastic welcome of all. In this spirit we hail it as a portion of the year more specially and appropriately consecrated to joyousness and festivity than any other: and hope that its inspiriting and vivifying influences may be visited abundantly upon the hearts of our patrons.

BETTING.—A paragraph is going the rounds, of two *bloods* of the goodly city of Gotham who *sponged* the keeper of one of hotels very handsomely a short time since. Their tact and *taste* does them infinite credit. They, it seems entered a house they were in the habit of frequenting, and calling for a good supper and two bottles of champaigne, informed their host that they had laid a wager of such repast as they had ordered. They hoped he would wait for his pay until the decision, and then charge the amount to the loser. The landlord assented, and they sat down to a hearty supper. When they had finished, mine host had the curiosity to ask what was the nature of the bet; and he was not a little chagrined when he received for answer that it originated in a dispute as to the direction the Brick Meeting House steeple would take, should it ever fall. The one bet it would fall east, the other west.

WAS HE TO BLAME.—A young fellow calling himself John Lennon was arrested on Tuesday and committed for examination, on a charge of having broken into the store of Mr. Osborne, No. 40 Water street, on Saturday night or Sunday morning, and carrying away a new pair of boots and about $6 in small change. Now what was there so bad in this case? The poor fellow probably wanted ride out to Cato's on Sunday, and could not think of such a thing without a new, or at least a decent pair of boots. We presume that he had no idea of taking the money, but thinking he should want to "wet his whistle," concluded on the whole to take some "change." Wonder if this is the same chap who relieved the Editor of the Standard of *his* boots that "ne'er had been tapp'd."

"SERAPHINE." We would call the attention of all lovers of harmony to a new musical instrument of this name, just manufactured by CHARLES G. CHRISTMAN, 398 Pearl street. The design was taken from the Mouth Harmonica with keys, invented by the same artist. This instrument is calculated to take precedence of the organ, as its notes are much richer, and can be more easily adapted to the harmony of the choir. It is small too, and can be afforded at such a price, that to country churches it must prove a desideratum.—Altogether it reflects credit on our city, showing as it does our advancement in the fine arts, and the high state of improvement, over all others, of our musical instruments.

DR. FOSTER'S SUIT.—The editors of the Courier and Enquirer, acknowledge the receipt of $70, odd cents, in different sums, to be applied to defray the expences of a suit instituted by Dr. Foster against Eliphalet Huntington, for the forcible detention of his wife travelling in Connecticut on the Sabbath. These sums, say they, as well as any others that may be transmitted, will be deposited in the Savings Bank, and faithfully applied to the purpose of testing the constitutionality of the law, under pretext of which Mrs. Foster was detained.

IRVING'S SKETCH BOOK.—Another work, in continuation of the Sketch Book, called the Alhambra, by Mr. Irving, is about to be published by Messrs. Carey & Lea, of Philadelphia. We look for it with great interest. It gives an account of the author's travels to Grenada, and relates some of the legends of that vicinity. This work has been some time prepared for the press, but its publication in England was delayed in consequence of the injurious operation of the political difficulties of the country upon the book trade, and from other causes.

NOT SO BAD.—A paper which shall be nameless, in the western part of this state, says that at a *large and respectable* Convention of the friends of one of the candidates for the Presidency, but *two* persons were present, one of whom was nominated Chairman; the other assuming the duty of Secretary. The resolutions &c. are said to have met the cordial wishes of the *convention*, and after an unanimous vote of thanks to the officers of the meeting was adjourned *sine die*.

"THE WRONG PIG BY THE EAR."—In looking over our papers the other day our eyes caught the following paragraph.

What is Anti-masonry?—We have for the last six months been endeavouring to find an answer to the above question in the columns of the "Spirit of the Times." The worthy editor first informed us it was a mere "*phantom*," he afterwards said it was something more "*solid*," and in his paper of last week, he compares it to "*an old Cow and Grind-stone!*' what a "queer thing" this anti-masonry must be.

What the deuce can the man mean? We have never made any pretensions to a knowledge of what Anti-masonry is or is not in this paper. We certainly could not help laughing at his making us compare Anti-masonry, with "an old Cow and a Grind-stone." Furthermore he says he has "been endeavouring for the last *six* months to find an answer" to his question; when, while we assure him we never met with his quere before, he will find our paper has been published not quite *four* months. We have *nothing* to say, and never have taken an interest in any of the political questions at present agitating the country, and so may we "stand or fall." A good joke, isn't it? that same "*old Cow and Grind-stone.*"

APT.—Our friend Pemberton, of the Augusta Chronicle, commences a rather severe article on a cotemporary, whom he styles the "slop-tub," with the following *expressive* quotation—"Cudgel not thy small brains, friend; for your dull ass will not mend its pace by beating."

EARLY PIGEONS.—Our eyes were greeted with the sight of a large flock of pigeons which passed over the city last week. Our friends in Massachusetts seem to have been covered with their visitations in great numbers. A gentleman at Hingham, informs a friend at Bostom, that they appeared "there in countless multitudes, and were shot in great numbers. The birds seemed to be completely bewildered, flying alternately north and south, apparently undetermined what route to pursue. It is supposed that they had been wending their way north, but, finding the ground still covered with snow, were returning to the genial climates, which they had too early forsaken. An occurrence of a similar nature occurred many years since, after a long and severe winter; and as pigeons are seldom or never inhabitant with us until the fall of the year, their appearance at this time is certainly notable."

The Miner's Journal of March 24, says, numerous flocks of wild pigeons on their periodical north-easterly migration are seen hovering on the outskirts of this borough precincts, and alighting on the mountain tops. As the reports of fire arms have been but few and far between, we infer that our friends are too much occupied to indulge in fowling or pigeoning. So that even our enemies will admit that now pigeons may venture to visit Pottsville, without any danger of *being plucked*.

THE FASHIONABLES.—"Immense floods of fashionables have lately left Washington," says a correspondent of the Courier, though a "plenty are still left." This accounts in a measure for the little progress the Tariff, &c have made, but how could the members leave the dear creatures, and the sparkling champaigne? Something in theway of business may soon be expected, as we hear one we wot of, has left for this city.

A FOUNDLING.—The Managers of the Washington Orphan Asylum offer a reward of $20, for the detection of the person who left a male infant but three days old, at the door of that institution. With all due gravity and reverence we would refer the Managers to that venerable Malthusian, the Editor of the Transcript, who, for his great talent and general information in his *present new line of business*, may have it in his power to ferret out the *varmint*.

LIBEL.—The following is again going the rounds, and though it has in its perigrinations lost the name of its owner, yet we know him to be a bachelor,—"A klevver dog and phunne poet."

"Never trust with a secret a married man who loves his wife, for he will tell her, and she will tell her sister, and her sister will tell aunt Hannah, and her aunt Hannah will impart it as a *profound secret*, to every one of her female acquaintance."

SLANDER.—E. W. Murray has recovered five thousand dollars, of John A. Jones, of Milledgville, Geo. in the Superior Court, for slander. Possibly,—even probably, the lucky plaintiff made this sum from a few words spoken by the defendant. We'll stand any man, be he ever so much "gifted with the gab," *ten* minutes for half the sum. To think of a man's getting five thousand dollars for being perhaps told that he is "no better than he should be!" Why we should'nt think of asking more than *two and six pence* a minute! $5000, "Ma conscience!"

CONCERT.—The concert on Thursday evening at the Methodist Church in John street, we are informed was of no ordinary kind. It was conducted by Mr. Cole, who presided so ably at the late Oratorio at St. Pauls. The house was crowded, we are pleased to remark, as the receipts are to be applied in aid of the funds of the "*Female Assistance Society*," a chority which "whether the objects it has in view, or the mode in which it is conducted, be considered, is one, which presents strong claims on the benevolent feelings of the community."

GOOD.—A pretended disciple of Galen, was fined $400 in Litchfield, Conn., lately, for having inoculated a female just below the elbow joint, wounding a nerve and effecting an incurable injury.

AFFAIRS AT WASHINGTON.—A correspondent of the Courier, accuses the down Easters who are at Washington attending to the Woollen's bill, of besieging every nook and corner of the city; even the shops of the pretty milliners are frequented by them—how natural!

We perceive that a man by the name of Smith, with a Jr., by which appendage to his name we presume him to be a young man, has the modest assurance to ask for a Bank Charter with the trifling capital of one hundred millions—Three hundred other Smiths are his backers.

The Washington correspondent of the Philadelphia Inquirer, states that a splendid party was given in that city, on the evening of the 21st inst. by a distinguished leader in the *haut ton* from Florida, in honor of a celebrated *belle* from the East—Boston.

BURR'S ATLAS.—No. 2, of this beautiful work was shown us lately, which appears to be in every respect quite equal to its predecessor. It is a singular circumstance, but we believe true, that this is the first Atlas or series of maps ever published by a citizen of New-York; and it is equally true that thousands of dollars have been paid by our citizens for those published in the Eastern States, whence they have generally been issued.—This No. contains handsomely engraved Maps of the States of New-York, Massachusetts and Connecticut; Upper Canada, Mexico, and England, with the adjacent islands. We certainly think these fine maps, at twenty cents each, are very reasonable, and as geography is so necessary a study, we hope the proprietor will find, as he certainly ought to do, numerous purchasers.

"THE COMIC." As the editor of the Providence Patriot was passing through one of the streets of that city, last week, he observed an Irishman reading the "Speculations of a hod-carrier," [an excellent article published lately in our paper from a work by Dr. Greene, of the Constellation,] to his compan on. After concluding the piece, Pat very indignantly exclaimed, "And a big fool must have been that same countryman of ours, or he'd surely have known, that should the comic come, the paple would immadiately play the engine and *put him out.*"

The Baltimore Patriot of Sunday says;—

"Twenty-two emigrants on their way to the Oregon Territory, arrived in Baltimore last evening, in brig Ida from Boston. They have with them their necessary travelling camp equipages, and are about to take up their line of march, thro' the West, to that far distant land."

What fine sport they must have had, shooting wild turkies, ducks, and "all that sort o' thing," while wending their way through the Western wilds. No *tour* can compare with this. Bears, rattlesnakes, catamounts, skunks and buffaloes! It will be enough to set one's eyes in a "fine frenzy" rolling, to read of the hunting, shooting, and fighting they will have. We hope they will not forget to send us their diary, we'll give them a lunch at Delmonico's, if they will but remember this.

"DON'T BELIEVE A WORD ON'T."—A paper from Buenos Ayres, lately received in this city, states that a man was found in the Calle de Cangallo, "with his head severed from his body, and *to all appearance* quite dead." He might have been *considerably* dead, after laying an hour or so.

HINT TO DOG-KILLERS. A writer in the Phil U. S. Gazette, cautions the citizens against "a large yellow dog, with a *short tail*, he having exhibited symptoms of hydrophobia." We should pity a dog with any tail "at all, at all," had the above appeared in any of our papers.

GOOD. The American told a clever anecdote last week of a wheezing vagrant, who on being asked by a brother "how he got such a cold!" answered, "I slept in the Park last night, and some one left the gate open."

The Baltimore Visiter gravely informs its readers, that the conversion of the old Chatham Theatre into a Church is a symptom of devotional improvement which they scarcely expected from the Gothamites. So it is; "Visiters" seldom get at the true state of things; the Chatham sure enough is to be "shorn of its honors," but then we are about erecting a new one which will surpass any in the Union. So much for "improvement."

THE FIRE KINGS, have turned "Burkers" and "body-snatchers," for after killing *cats* just for the "fun on't," they bring them to life again, which to the cats must be very agreeable. Mr. Houghton is "making people stare" at Norfolk, with his cats; he gets on with great *e-clat*.

SQUIBS.—The Erie, Pa. Observer, is noted for its witticisms; among other matters we find the two following, which rather excited our risibles:

"QUERE.—Did the editor of the —— ever read the Story of the Irishman catching a flea? 'Faith,' said he, 'when I put my finger on him, he was'nt there.'"

"The editor of the ——, says nothing about our proposed duel. He is not *afeard on us*, is he?"

PACKET SHIP DE RHAM.—This fine vessel went ashore Saturday evening last, near Rockaway, L. I. During the week, she has been daily visited by lighters, who have taken out almost her entire cargo, which with her, was insured in Wall-st., to the amount of two hundred thousand dollars. Hopes are entertained that she may be got off, though there is but little chance. Her cargo, which was very valuable, is all considerably damaged, and a part ruined.

FINE SPORT.—The Montreal Vindicator, in a paragraph giving an account of three boys who were sentenced to receive 39 lashes each, "upon the bare back, and well laid on," says that "during the infliction of the stripes, the youngest were laughing, and one of them about 14 years of age, gave the hangman a blow on the face, after his hands were untied. Between the hangman, the sheriff, and the young thieves, it seemed to be a farce exhibited for the amusement of a vast crowd collected to the spot."

PATENT WASHING MACHINE. The Editor of the Boston Fredonian, says in speaking of a new washing machine, that he knows enough of domestic economy to say that any thing which may tend to relieve the evils of a "Washing day" is an absolute benefit to *man*-kind—a "consummation devoutly to be wished." "That this machine will save the wood-pile and big brass kettle much trouble, we know—it will also save rondrous apologies for "picked up" dinners."

The Providence Theatre has been bought up and converted into a church but the books for the erection of a superior one are already almost filled, another specimen of the spirit of the times."

GASTRONOMY. Under this head, the editor of the Baltimore Visiter, a new and very clever paper, gives us an anecdote of a Connecticut chap, who for his voracious appetite was the terror of all tavern-keepers, and many an inverted blessing was asked in his behalf if happening "to call on a friend about dinner time." We know, or at least have little doubt that his family intended bringing him up to the profession of Peddling, which indeed would not be the case, could he not eat at one sitting sufficient to sustain him thirty six hours. The real essence of a good pedlar in the eye of your *real Yankee*, consists in his being enabled like Charles 12th to endure any fatigue and live a day or two occasionally, without sustenance. But to return—the editor says, "of all gormandizers Nick Bolter took the lead. He was a Hartford county boy, and if the rocks of Deer Creek had been a solid loaf of bread or piece of beef, we are persuaded he would have demolished that natural curiosity at a single meal. Gaffer and Gammer Bolter had six sons, of whom Nick was the oldest but two. Every day, at twelve o'clock, the old woman was heard to cry out, "*Husband, catch Nick—for dinner is ready.*" At this signal, Nick was caught accordingly and held in the vigorous grasp of his father until the other brothers had secured their luncheons. For if he had been suffered to go loose, the whole dinner would have disappeared by his individual efforts and the other Bolters would have been left in the vocative."

SUICIDE.—A lady lately in St. Catharine, U. C. took the refusal of her husband to accompany her to a place of amusement, in such high dudgeon that without the fear of shame before her eyes, she *left* him without so much as saying, "by your leave." Yes—took opium, and was numbered with "those that were."

BOSTON RATS.—The Transcript gives a good story of a *rat* which was "ordered into his presence for inspection." Are we to understand by this that he has so won upon the good people of Boston, as to be rewarded by another office? Verily the Editors "down East" seem to be looking up. First they elected him a representative, then a Trustee of the Lying-in Hospital, and last not least, it seems he has been appointed *Rat Inspector*. We doubt not he "bears his blushing honors thick upon him" we make the following extract from the *minutes* of his *Inquest* on the *body*.

"He was of goodly size, measuring in length of body 18 inches, and from tip of snout to end of tail 27 inches. He was found prowling in the street between the Tremont House and the Tremont Theatre, and was unceremoniously knocked in the head by a Roxbury Artilleryman. It is a matter of curious speculation whence he came, and what were his inducements to expose himself to danger in a strange place so far from kindred and friends. It is supposed that he run the toll, and was making his way to the Theatre, when, learning that rats were treated rather unhandsomely there at present, he dared not venture in lest the McBride should use him up as an illustration of the metempsychosis.

SAD ERROR.—An editor at the South in attributing the loss of a vessel recently, to a sudden *squall*, by the insertion of the letter *e* deprived the sufferers of all our sympathy, by gravely asserting that "doubtless the accident was owing to a sudden *squeal*?"

CONNECTICUT EGAT.—Yea, the glory of her wooden nutmegs, her onions, her horn-flints, her white oak pomatum, and last though by far not least, the boasted masticatory powers of her *peddling* community, all sink into insignificance and must be counted "trifles light as air" when compared with the following paragraph in a New-Jersey print.

"JERSEY AGAINST THE WORLD—We are credibly informed that a few week since, a gentleman in Warren county, eat the following, at one meal with a good appetite. We should nt like to board him at $2 per week: 14 gallons of mush and milk, 48 cups of coffee, a fried shad, 2 loaves of bread, and a quarter of veal. We don't believe a word of it."

After whetting his appetite with a "fried shad, two loaves of bread, and a quarter of veal," he proceeds to make a dinner on 14 gallons of mush and milk, and by way of a dessert, swallows merely the trifling number of "48 cups of coffee." P-r-o-d-i-g-i-o-u-s!" Connecticut is "sawed off" and "used up."

COBBLING.—A cobbler in Connecticut who commences his advertisement with "I know what's the matter now," gives his customers the following definite clue to his domicil:—*my office* for repairing Boots and Shoes is up the *British Museum stairs*, 2d door from the right as you ascend, or directly south of the Court House."

IMPORTANT INTELLIGENCE.—Sir Walter of the Transcript, ascribes his election as a Trustee of the Lying-in-Hospital to the Morning Post, and says it has become his duty "to apprize the subscribers to that charity of any remarkable events connected with the history of that or similar institutions. We have now the Anti-Malthusian gratification to announce, on authority of the Philadelphia Gazette, that "a poor woman, who had been obliged, by the desertion of her husband, to ask the relief afforded by the lying-in department of the Pennsylvania Hospital, was delivered, in that institution, on Saturday morning last, of *three* fine children—two girls and a boy; and that, so far, the whole family appear to be doing well."

A "MORMONITE" NEWSPAPER.—W. W. Phelps proposes to publish at Independence, Jackson Co. Missouri, a paper to be called the "Evening and the Morning Star." A postcript attached to the prospectus states that "*from this press* may be expected as soon as wisdom directs, many sacred records which have slept for ages" It is to be devoted to the diffusion of their principles, and is expected to "pour a flood of light upon the world."

WORTHY OF RECORD.—Gen. Kirkland, recently elected Mayor of the city of Utica accepted the office but declined the salary.

BARBECUE.—The citizens of Kershaw, S. C. gave Gov. Hamilton a barbecue on the 21ult.—An ox, pigs, lambs, &c, were roasted whole, tho' it is to be supposed they were slaughtered previous.

EXTRAORDINARY WIFE!—In Streatham church is the following singular inscription:—"Elizabeth, wife of Major General Hamilton, who was married 47 years, and never did one thing to disoblige her husband."

"*What 'ill they say 'tis a lie.*"

A MAN OF QUALITY.—Madame d'Abrantes, in her Memoirs, lately published, observes of a young *roturier*, that, "he fenced like St. George, played on the fiddle, and possessed the other qualifications of a man of quality."

PARK THEATRE.

Nothing of interest has occurred this week, at the Park; Mrs. Knight and Mr. Sinclair have been singing to passable houses. Mr. S. took a benefit last evening, which was well attended. Mr. Forrest is announced for Monday; his appearance will be greeted by his numerous friends and admirers, and we anticipate in his engagement a rich treat.

AMERICAN THEATRE.

"What shall you say of the American this week?" has been the frequent interrogatory of our friends, who assure us, many of them, that the performances have done more to render this Theatre the first in point of talent, fashion, and splendour, than any previous one this season. We have attended frequently, and will do the Manager the justice to say, that we never witnessed a more able representation of Shakspeare's Hamlet, and seldom have met with as beautiful scenery, &c. as has been produced in that romantic tale of enchantment, the *Ice Witch*.

The personation of Hamlet and Polonius, by Messrs. Hamblin and Blanchard last Saturday evening, will long hold a place in the memories of every one who witnessed the performance. It seemed to us that from Hamlet to the Grave-digger, it was the determination of all to call up for this occasion, their whole powers, and never have the feelings of an audience been more in unison with those of the immortal poet.

Of the characters, we thought Miss Waring's Ophelia, was the most able, and yet combined with the greatest simplicity of any she has appeared in. Indeed in the 5th scene of act 4th, many refused her not the "passing tribute of a tear;" 'twas admirable. Mrs. Greene did justice to her part, and in several scenes was much applauded. Of Messrs. Stevenson, Jones, Spencer, Taylor, & McKinney, it is sufficient praise and the highest, to say they were entirely at home in their parts, and fully sustained their well-earned reputation.

Miss Johnson's fancy dance, was as usual encored. It is rumored that a certain gentleman "wots got wiskers," was most desperately won upon by her witching archness, and in repeated libations to her health and success, so far forgot himself as to be obliged to "retire to private life" before he reached home. The poor fellow is to be pitied.

To Hamlet succeeded the popular farce of Sprigs of Laurel. Mr. Blanchard, as Nipperkin, kept the house in a continual roar, and gained the hearts of all, by his fine personation of this character. May he long continue with us, and when he may return to the "land of his fathers," he will carry with him the highest regard of many of our citizens for himself, and the most cordial good wishes of all for his continued health and success.

The ICE WITCH or the *Frozen Hand*; has been brought out with new scenery, decorations &c. and will doubtless be quite successful. Mr. Hamblin deserves great praise for the manner in which this piece has been produced. The instantaneous change of scene from the ice throne to the grand banqueting hall and couch, is the best thing of the kind we ever witnessed; it has always been received with tremendous applause. The descent of Freyr, the Sun God, the temple of Odin, the War God, the Arcadian landscape, and the view of the Frozen Sea, was got up with surpassing magnificence. The grand combat was gazed upon with breathless anxiety. The bare scenery is worth the whole time and money expended. It is astonishing how the perseverance of the liberal and talented manager has raised the character and standing of this beautiful house.

MISS CLIFTON, who played Therese and Lady Elizabeth Freelove for her first benefit on Wednesday evening, can receive no encomium at our hands; they would be considered by her friends, as entirely superfluous. Her talent has been so universally acknowledged by our play-going community, that we entertained the hope, she would be received by a full house; nor were we disappointed; from pit to gallery, it was really a *jam*. Her song of—(we cannot recall it at this moment) was encored and again encored, with tremendous plaudits, and she fully sustained the opinion of her friends, that her success in sterling comedy would be as flattering as her delineations of the tragic muse, in the higher walks of the drama.

RICHMOND HILL THEATRE.

COMMUNICATION.

This establishment has certainly evinced as high an appreciation of the talents of the stock company as any theatre in the Union. Mrs. Russell's benefit was, as we are informed, a bumper—we can only speak from report of its success. She eminently deserves it, as through her exertion to please the success of the house in a great degree may be attributed. But Mr. Clarke's was a brimmer. Would his cup had overflowed with the needful, as his heart must have done with pleasure at the truly respectable audience that greeted him through the evening with thunders of approbation. To a father, struggling for the support of an infant family, this must have afforded the highest gratification. But if, as report says, only half of the proceeds of the house, after the expenses are paid, reaches his pocket, pleasure will be his only meed, a slender one on which to depend for comforts for his family. However as a benefit night, if rather more than nominal, being the criterion of a performer's merit and appreciation by the public, Mr. Clarke's friends bravely stood the test. And we hope his next benefit will amply repay him for any deficiencies in this.

The entertainments of the evening were well chosen, and in fact luxurious. Never was the Peasant Boy better performed. Mrs. Russell's personation of Julian was nature realized. Her fine person, sweet tenor voice and graceful language was every thing externally the part required; and her truly lover-like attentions towards Rosalie were so strictly natural they gratified without disgusting the most fastidious female present. But when in the boyish, off-hand manner she slightly spoke of her encounter with the wolf, she even exceeded all our expectations. The *bonne bouche* was in her last scenes. Her resignation to the will of heaven, the noble assertion of her innocence, her air, voice, manner, was—we cannot express it. The eye gazed, the mind exulted, and the heart sympathised with the suffering boy. It was true excellence. Mr. Judah's Ludovico was worthy of the varieties of that difficult character, which combines all lines in the drama, from the gay, reckless servant, lording it over his fellow-men, then the happy, saucy, yet honorable lover of Marrinetta, altered to the hero who risks his life for a stranger, and last, tho' not least in our estimation, the secret consoler of the persecuted boy, yet soon had changed, when in the voice of a last hope, Julian calls on him; his noble firmness as he asserts the boy's innocence and detects the villain, was beyond what we expected. Miss Smith was truly the pert forward miss and village coquette. Mrs. Belcour's Rosalie was chastely correct. Mrs. Thorne looked and moved the gay, elegant woman of fashion. Mr. Clarke's Montalda was correct, but the character was out of his line. Mr. Thorne, as the Duke, performed to admiration.

The Bohemian Mother closed the entertainments of the evening. Here Mr. Clarke was at home, as the agonized father, aroused our sympathies and called the soft tear to beauty's eye. Mrs. Duff and Mr. Thorne were exquisite. But the closing scene, when she was pressing her restored infant to her breast, drove the horror of the preceding scenes off, and sent the audience gaily home.

C.

MISS VINCENT.—With pride we assure the friends of native talent that they may expect to have every promise Mr. Hamblin has given on the part of Miss Vincent more than realized. Such a combination of talent, youth, beauty, nature and tact has never before graced this side of the Atlantic. I have seen her in six different characters in Philadelphia, and also her first appearance, therefore write from

TRUTH.

MRS. HAMBLIN.—We have the pleasure to inform our friends of the Drama, that Mrs. H. is daily expected from England, whence she lately sailed. We hope soon to see her in her unrivalled character of Seadrift in the Water Witch.

MR. HACKETT, has made an engagement with Mr. Cauldwell at the American Theatre, New Orleans, and at the last accounts was enacting Col. Nimrod Wildfire, with unusual success. The Emporium of the 22d ult. states that Mr. H. appeared before a full house, on last evening at the Camp street Theatre, in the character of "The Yankee in England." His swapping of watches with "Bang" put us in mind of the Apothecary who took off the seven shillings and received only six pence, and yet made four pence, and displayed very strongly the faculty of a Yankee. Always to get the best of the bargain.

The N. Orleans Mercantile of the 25th ult. says:

"Little Burke is all the rage at present—the lion of the day. Rain or shine, good or bad weather, and the Camp street Theatre is regularly crowded with a fashionable audience to witness an engagement that progresses every night. If the masters of the art, Kean and Booth, were to come here, they could make no such impression."

Master BURKE, arrived at Mobile on the 22d ult. from N. Orleans, and was engaged to appear in the course of the week.

YOUNG KEAN was announced on March 28th, in Augusta, for his benefit, in the character of Reuben Glenroy, in the Comedy of Town and Country; the good people of the south are generally much pleased with him. We expect him to appear on our boards ere long.

CONRAD OF NAPLES.—We wonder this splendid Tragedy has never been brought out in New-York. The Philadelphia critics think it will bear a comparison with Metamora; it was played with great success in that city, and being the production of an American, should be liberally encouraged. It is "*being played*" in Baltimore, and the editor of the Republican thus eulogises the piece:

"We have been favored with a perusal of the new Tragedy, Conrad of Naples, and never have we received more pleasure from the perusal of any dramatic production. In elegance of diction, power and pathos of poetry, this tragedy is almost unrivalled. There is scarcely a weak line in it. The sentiments are in the highest degree impassioned, while, at the same time, they are just, natural and appropriate. The character of Conrad, the hero of the piece, is full and strongly marked, and requires, perhaps, as much histrionic ability to perform it as any other character in the whole range of the Drama. He is really a noble personage. The plot is happily conceived, well managed throughout, and is in the highest degree interesting. The characters are naturally and forcibly drawn, and require only proper representations to make this tragedy one of the most successful on the stage. It unquestionably has no equal from an American pen, and we think it inferior to no dramatic production of modern date. May the public applaud and encourage native merit."

NEW BOOK STORE,

No. 16, Exchange-Buildings,

ST. CLAIR-STREET PITTSBURGH, PA.

S. J. SYLVESTER, has lately received ONE HUNDRED CASES OF BOOKS, comprising a complete assortment in every department of Literature, which he will sell 25 per cent. cheaper than any *other house* in the western country. Dealers can save considerable, by making their purchases this side of the mountains, in carriage, and receive their books in better order.

300 Family Bibles,
200 Octavo do.
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1000 Walker's Dictionary, school edition,
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900 Life of Benjamin Franklin,
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200 Milton's Works, 2 vols.
200 do. Paradise Lost,
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1000 Dream books,
1000 Letter Writers,
500 Elizabeth or Exile of Siberia,
300 Pamela or Virtue Rewarded,
100 Dick's Christian Philosopher,
100 do. Philosophy of Religion,
100 do. Future State.
200 McKenzie's 5000 Receipts,
200 Buck's Theological Dictionary,

ALSO,

Lord Byron's works in two vols,
do. Library edition, elegantly bound,
Sterne's works, do. do
Cowper's and Thompsons, do. do
Young's, Milton's, Gray's, Beattie's and Collin's works, elegantly bound;
Rogers's, Campbell's Lamb's Montgomery's
Kirks, White's do do.
Heman's Hebert's, and Pollock's do
Goldsmith's do. elegantly bound,
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Hunter's Sacred Biography, do. do.
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☞A complete assortment of Theological, Law, Medical, School, Blank and Miscellaneous books.—*ALSO*, Playing Cards, Quills, Eastern Writing Paper in Large or small quantities.

Pittsburgh, April 2nd 1832.

The Casket.

"A nosegay of culled flowers, with nothing of our own but the thread that ties them."

The literary war between Fraser, the Editor of Fraser's Magazine, and Bulwer the novelist, now Editor of the New Monthly Magazine, has produced the following shot from Frazer, in his January number for the present year.

E. A. and E. B.

A Christmas Carol to the tune of "God save you Merry Gentlemen."

"Impius ante ARAM, atque auri cæcus amore."

E. Aram was a pedagogue,
So sullen and so sad;
E. Bulwer was a gentleman,
Wot plied at Colburn's Cad;
And deeds of both, I grieve to say,
Were werry, werry bad.

E. Aram he whipped little boys,
With malice and with ire!
E. Bulwer wrote whig articles,
As Beelzebub did inspire:
And both of them they did these things
All for the sake of hire.

E. Aram killed a man one day,
Out of a dev'lish whim;
E. Bulwer did almost the same—
A deed well nigh as grim:
For Aram he murdered Daniel Clarke,
And Bulwer he murder'd him.

E. Aram's crime it was impelled,
That cash he must purloin;
E. Bulwer did his wickedness,
For love of Colburn's coin:
Alas! that money should debauch
Two geniuses so fine!

E. Aram he was sent to jail,
And hanged upon a tree;
E. Bulwer is in parliament,
A shabby—genteel M. P.
But if he writes such murdering books,
What must his ending be?
Why, that in Frazer's Magazine,
His gibbet we shall see.

BLACK AND WHITE.—One of the greatest evils that can happen to humanity is to be "put into black and white" against one's will. You happen to make confession of some infirmity—or to be critical upon a friend, in the strictest confidence—and the account is served up to you in print the next morning with your coffee. Happily the days of Swift and Pope are past:—we are no longer in danger of standing in a poetical pillory, or of creeping to immortality in a couplet. Epigram has had its elegy. But prose is at work: paragraphs are let loose upon us with the fangs of panthers, and jokes go off at us at every corner, like spring-guns. There is no getting at the news, without seeing that Hook or Rogers has said something smart at our expense. And the best of these jokes is, that nobody inserts them: they drop from the stars, and the very printer cannot guess how. We are held down, like Gulliver, by a thousand little cords, and are assured that it is merely a gossamer's web. To figure in paragraphs in this way is to get into "black and white" as effectually as the heroine of a comic engraving that we have seen, who is placed between a chimney-sweep and a miller. You come in collision with scandal, in the first place, and are of course, darkened all over; when, in order to show that black is not "so black," but that white is "very white" indeed, by comes some good-natured friend of an opposite color, and covers you with his floury defence. Your situation is then supremely enviable.—*Whittaker's Monthly.*

POLISH CHIEFS.

The following is an extract from the new historical romance, which we mentioned last week. It is from the pen of Samuel L. Knapp, Esq. of New-York, formerly a distinguished member of our Bar; a gentleman well known among the literary portion of our country, from his previous writings. His last work, we believe, was the "Life of Webster."

It is taken from a scene in the Carpathian Mountains, where Pulaski and his servant were in search of some jewels hidden by the former, when he and other Polish patriots had fled there for safety:—

"One evening as Carlos was kindling a fire to dress some of the scanty food brought with them, they heard a confusion of sounds—the cry of a man, and the howl of a wolf—they came from the brow of the mountain just beneath them. Carlos sprang up and ran to the place from whence the sounds issued. A great wolf in the agonies of his ravenous hunger, had seized a half-naked man to devour him—they were then in the struggle for life. They had but a few moments for contention, before the master and servant arrived to the assistance of their fellow-man; but before they could reach the scene of combat, the wolf lay quivering in the agonies of death—the knife from the girdle of the ragged man had been plunged into the entrals of the monster, and had reached his heart. The man was covered with blood, but not much of it had flown from his own veins, but from the vitals of the wolf. His matted hair, wild look, and tattered garments, bespoke the maniac. 'Die! tyrant die!' he exclaimed; 'There, there is Poninski, dead. Base traitor! thou hast deserved thy fate; go howl with the damned, thou base destroyer of thy country! Go, and let the curse of patriots ring in thy ears forever! Did I not keep thee from the halls of legislation while I could stand; and when the cripple cord that strangled my country was twisted and used, what infernal peals of laughter rang through all the miscreant hosts!—and now thou hast come here to hunt me among the rocks.' The maniac turned his face to see who came near him, and Pulaski beheld the countenance of the great patriot, REYTEN, who had lost his mind at the fall of his country. The maniac continued, 'and who are you that come to assist the assassins of Poland? I am sucking Pulaski's bones, to make of them a charm to call murdered Liberty back to life, and to give her ghastly cheek some blood-color once more. Liberty is in her winding-sheet!—is there no spell to raise her? I will pluck her from the lowest depths of yon horrid chasm!' and before they had time to secure him, Reyton had dashed himself from the precipice into the immense abyss, down which reason shuddered to look."

A North Carolina paper announces a great Main of Cocks to be fought at Northampton Court House, on the 4th of April, to continue four days, for $3,000, each party to show thirty-one cocks. The scenery and decorations, we presume, says the Richmond Compiler, to correspond to the great drama itself. Whiskey and gin, dice, all fours, and cluck farthing, to be the fashionable amusements of the day.

Capt. Larkins, in the East India Company's service, has lately been fined £40 in the Court of King's Bench, for ordering a seaman named Smith to be tied up and receive a dozen and eight lashes with a cat-o'nine tails.

An application for a new theatre at Whampoa, has been refused, for the reason that there are already five theatres in that city, which are quite enough for its population, which does not exceed 350,000.

EARLY IMPRESSIONS.—Professor Hayne, of Gottingen, used to relate that the first impressions on his mind were made by the tears of his mother lamenting that she was not able to find bread for her children.

DEER HUNTING IN S. CAROLINA.

Mr. Editor.—If you think the following extraordinary circumstance interesting enough to merit a place in your Sporting Magazine, the truth of it can be vouched for by several gentlemen of veracity and respectability.

Some time in January last, a party of gentlemen assembled, for the purpose of deer hunting, in St. Thomas' parish, in this state. In putting the dogs in at the first drive, a three year old buck was immediately started, and, having the wind of the standers, made several efforts to run back, but was as often turned by the drivers. Foiled in this project, he made a bold push for the standers, and came out between two gentlemen, equi-distant from both, but too far for either to shoot at. Beyond all expectation, after fairly getting out and evading the huntsmen, he returned voluntarily upon his tracks and re-entered the drive. Upon arriving at the centre of the swamp, he shaped a course parallel with the line of standers, and continued it until he got opposite the last, when getting entangled among the vines of some China briar and jessamine growth, his progress was arrested. His efforts to disengage himself, only served to bind him the faster, and he was detained in this predicament until the dogs came up. From the bleating of the buck and the baying of the dogs, the gentleman opposite was induced to go in, where he found him securely fixed. He advanced near enough to put the muzzle of his gun almost in contact with the animal, and shot him through. The remarkable fact attending this occurrence, is, that a deer was supposed to possess so much strength in his hind legs, as to overcome any obstacle of this kind, yet this was held by but one leg. He was sound, in high health, and very little fatigued from running. ELDERADO.

—*Sporting Magazine.*

UNCLE ASA.

THE STORY OF A HUNTER.

About thirty-five years ago I moved into this country which was then nearly a wilderness. (the northern part of New-York, near lake Champlain;) no settlements having been made excepting on the borders of the lake. I arrived in the spring of the year and commenced a clearing on the farm I now occupy. By fall I had built a good log house and temporary stables for my cattle—had put into the ground ten acres of wheat, and looked forward to the ensuing year for the reward of my labors. My wife and child—for I was married—were all my family—neighbors there were none nearer than five or six miles, so that visiting or amusements were almost entirely out of the question. You may therefore suppose that on the approach of a long northern winter I had ample time to gratify my love of hunting, for which I have always had a great fondness. Winter had set in early, and all my cares were confined to keeping a sufficient quantity of wood on hand for fuel—which you may imagine was not difficult when the trees stood at my door—and taking care of the few cattle I was then owner of. It was one day I think in the fore part of December, when having finished my morning's work, I took down my gun—the same that now stands in the bar—and told my wife that I would on my return please her with the sight of a fat deer. Deer are even now very plenty in this part of the country, but then they were much more so, so that there was little merit or difficulty in achieving what I had promised.

I took my departure about a northwest course from my cabin, which led me direct into the forest. The snow was about a foot deep, and the wind blowing hard from the north, it drifted much in the openings, yet this I thought was in my favor, as the noise made by the wind among the trees, prevented the game from hearing my approach in "still hunting. But I was mistaken in my calculations, for I had travelled five or six miles from home and had not got a shot at a single deer, though I had seen numbers of them, but they were always on the run and at too great a distance, and all the tracks I saw showed that they had scarcely walked during that day. I was then a young hunter, but I have since learnt that this animal is always on the move and generally runs throughout windy days, probably from the apprehension of danger from wolves, which follow its scent through the snow.

At length I arrived at a large cedar swamp, on the edge of which I was struck by the singular appearance of a large stub, twenty-five or thirty feet high, with its bark off. From its scratched surface I had no doubt it was climbed by raccoons or martins, which probably had a den in it, as from its appearance I judged it was hollow. The stub at its base might have been seven or eight feet through, but eight or ten feet higher up, its size was much diminished, so that I could get sufficiently to ascend it and ascertain what was within. My gun and great coat were deposited in a secure place, and being an expert climber, I soon gained the top. As I anticipated, I found the stub was hollow, the aperture being about two and a half feet in diameter. The day you will observe was dark and cloudy, and looking down the hollow I fancied that I could see the bottom at no great distance, but having nothing to put in to ascertain its depth, I concluded I would try to touch the bottom with my feet. I therefore placed myself in the hole lowered myself gradually down, expecting every moment my feet would come in contact with some animal or the floor of the hollow, but feeling nothing I unthinkingly continued letting myself down until my head and hands and my whole person were completely within the stub.

At this moment a sudden and strange fear came over me, I know not from what cause, for I am not naturally timid—it seemed to affect me with a sense of suffocation, such as is experienced in dreams under the effect of the night mare. Rendered desperate by my feelings, I made an attempt to extricate myself, when the edges of the wood to which I was holding on, gave way, and precipitated me to the bottom of the hole, which I found extended to a level with the ground. I cannot wholly account for it, but probably from the erect position in which my body was necessarily kept in so narrow a tube and my landing on my feet on a bed of moss, dried leaves and other soft substances, I sustained little or no injury from so great fall, nor were my clothes but little deranged in my descent, notwithstanding the straitness of the passage, owing to the smoothness of the surface from long use by the animals ascending and descending to and from the den—for a den I found it to be.

After my fright, I had time to examine the interior—all was dark, and putting out my hands to feel my way, they came in contact with the cold nose of some beast and then with the fur, which I immediately knew was that of a half grown cub, or young bear. Continuing to examine, I ascertained that there were three or four of these animals, which aroused by the noise made in my descent, came around and smelt of me, uttering a moaning noise, taking me at first no doubt for their dam, but after a little examination, snuffing and snorting as if alarmed, they quietly betook themselves to their couch on the moss, and left me to my own troubled and gloomy reflections.—I knew they were too young to do me any injury, but with that knowledge came the dreadful certainty that the mother, whose premises I had so heedlessly invaded, was quite a different personage, and that my life would date but a short period after she arrived, as arrive she certainly would before many hours could pass over my head.

The interior of the den grew more visible after my eyes became accustomed to the darkness, and aided by a little light from the top, I discovered that the den was circular, and on the ground was five or six feet in diameter, its circumference diminishing at the height of seven or eight feet to a diameter of less than three, owing to the singular formation of the trunk, as I have before remarked. All my attempts to reach the narrow part of the hollow, in hopes of working my way out, as a chimney sweep might have done if that had been practicable, were fruitless. My escape in this way was therefore impossible. To cut through the trunk, a hole sufficient to let my body out with, a small pocket-knife, the only one I had, would have been the work of weeks and even months, as from the examinations I had made of both the exterior and interior, I knew that it could not be less than a foot thick. The knife was the only weapon I possessed, and one hug of my tremendous adversary would deprive me of the power to use even so contemptible an implement, and even if I succeeded in killing the bear—which was not to be expected—my case was equally hopeless, for I should then only exchange a sudden death for one if possible even more horrid, a lingering one of famine and thirst—for my tracks in the snow I knew were long since covered by the drifts, and there was no possibility of my friends finding me, by searching in a wilderness of many miles in circuit.

My situation was indeed hopeless and desperate. I thought of my cheerful home, my wife seated by the fire with our child in her arms, or preparing our evening meal, looking out anxiously from time to time expecting my return, for the shades of evening were fast approaching. These and many more such thoughts rushed through my mind, and which way soever they were turned, you may suppose they were teeming with horror. At one time I had nearly determined to wreak my feelings upon the cubs by destroying them, but the wanton and useless cruelty of the act—as they could be of no service to me then—prevented me. Yes I would be merciful. Oh! you know not how merciful one is when he feels he would willingly himself be an object of mercy from others.

Two hours had probably passed, and to me two of the longest I ever experienced, when suddenly the little light which had illumed the gloom of the den from above, was gone. I looked up and could no longer see the sky. My ears, which at that moment were peculiarly sensitive, were assailed with a low growling noise, such as a bear makes on discovering an enemy and preparing for an attack. At once I was aware that my fate was at hand, as this was the mother descending to her cubs, having by her acute organs of smelling discovered that her den had been entered by some enemy. From the time I had ascertained my true situation, I had opened my knife and held it ready in hand for the encounter, come when it would. I now therefore braced myself for a death grapple with my terrible antagonist, feverishly awaiting her descent.

Bears always descend in the same manner they ascend trees, that is the head is always upwards, consequently her most assailable, or rather her least formidable part was opposed to me. A thought quick as light rushed through my mind that escape was possible, and that the bear might furnish the means. No time could be afforded, nor was necessary for deliberation. Just as she reached that part where the hollow widened, and by a jump I could reach her, I made a desperate spring and caught hold firmly with both hands of the fur which covered her extremities, giving at the same time a scream, which in this close den sounded a thousand times louder than any human voice in the open air. The bear—and she was a powerful one—taken by surprise, and unable to get at me, and frightened too at the hideous and appalling noise I made, scrambled for life up the hollow. But my weight I found was no small impediment to her, for when about half way up, I perceived she began to lag, and notwithstanding my continued screaming at length came to a dead stand, apparently not having strength to proceed. Knowing my life depended on her going on, I instantly let go with the hand in which I held the knife, driving it to the haft into her flesh, and redoubling the noise I had already made. The pain and her fears gave her new strength, and by another effort she brought me once more to the light of day at the top of the stub; nor did she stop there to receive my thanks for the benefit she had conferred on me, but hastily descended to the ground and made her way with all speed to the swamp. I sat for some time on the stub out of breath, and hardly crediting the reality of my miraculous escape. After giving thanks to that providence which had so wonderfully preserved me, I descended to the ground, found my coat and gun where I had left them, and reached home after a fatiguing walk through the woods, about nine o'clock in the evening.

As it was growing late, Uncle Asa said he would not continue the story of how he afterwards killed the old bear who so shamefully treated him in part for his fright, nor how he caught all the cubs alive, of which he made a good penny, nor how he afterwards amply redeemed his pledge to his wife by bringing in more than one deer in a day for the one he had promised her the day he fell into Beuin's den. D.

Constellation.

TROUT FISHING IN NEW ENGLAND.

It was a fine morning in the summer of 1829, that I set out with my friend C——, from the village of Northampton towards Kingsley brook, where we were to commence the day's sport. The evening, however, was one of those that, to the experienced eye, betoken the probability of too much sun and too little wind. It would be useless to describe to anglers, the eager, palpitating sensation, with which even old fishers begin to arrange their tackle at the water side. The water was in tolerable good trim—a little too clear for a clear day; and the wind blowing gently from the south, showed as the morning advanced, symptoms of dying away. Having agreed, however, to pass each other after every three streams we set briskly to work, at about three quarters past eight fishing down stream.

I soon found that they *fought shy*, and that it was necessary to fish very fine and far off; and when we rejoined each other to hold a council of war between ten and eleven, we found that our fish were few, and not large—and that as the sun became more meridian, the chances of immediate sport evidently decreased. I saw that under the circumstances of the case, it was best for to fish the *streams*, the trout in them rising shyly, and these little better than "pipe heads," as the small fry are technically termed. The only chance for any diversion was to wait for the breeze, and, during the prevalence of the "curl" upon the surface, to fish the *pools*, keeping as much as possible out of sight, and using the finest flies. In this service I employed, besides my usual establishment of, "black and red," a brown fly, woodcock's wing, and hare's foot body.

Many angler's I know, will toss their head at the phrase, "usual establishments of black and red." Let them do so. As to the *representative system* of fly-fishing being of any superior utility, I, for one, beg to declare my utter scepticism—Were I to adopt any complicated theory of changing flies, it should rather be that of interpreting dreams—contradictions. Over and over again have I killed trout and seen trout killed, with a fly as different from that upon the water as night is from day, and this not unfrequently at the very moment when the water fly was fluttering across the pool in perfect security from attack. Many a wager, we'll argue not weight, has my old master won, fishing with gin black and red. I have certainly doubted some from the plan as to put in a third experimental fly; but I cannot say that the results have produced in me any greater respect for those who glory in a catalogue of flies as long as an army list. I must own that I am never so convinced of the truth of the "mega bibliou, mega kakon," as when I see a huge fishing book, containing feathers and furs of a greater variety of hues than Joseph's coat ever exhibited.

The grand fault of fly-fishing in New England, is a propensity to an exclusive preference of the *streams*. This no doubt arises chiefly from their abundance and beauty; and also from the circumstance of the trout being in that section of the country, for the most part only of a middling size, which description of fish is generally to be found in the greatest number in the streams; but an accomplished pool-fisher will *finish* his account in exercising his art here.

In the continued discouraging posture of our affairs, C—— and I determined that (after taking a slight luncheon, with which even old fishers begin to arrange their tackle at the water side.) The water was in tolerable good trim—a little too clear for a clear day; and the wind blowing gently from the south, showed as the morning advanced, symptoms of dying away. Having agreed, however, to pass each other after every three streams we set briskly to work, at about three quarters past eight fishing down stream.

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In the continued discouraging posture of our affairs, C—— and I determined that (after taking a slight luncheon, with which even a water drinker himself would have pronounced palatable,) he should spend an hour in trying *minnow*, while I *lay by* for a little. His pre-eminence as a minnow fisher had long been acknowledged. He generally fishes up the stream pitching the minnow with a long line, and an alleviation of fall quite unusual, and keeping right of his game with unequalled management. Every minnow fisher has a favorite arrangement of tackle, and infinite are the combinations of hooks, from two even up to eight. My friend preferred simplicity; and, for the *deeps*, used only a single long-shanked hook. The barb was brought out at the *back* of the minnow, the hook being inserted about the middle, and part of the shank left untied, to steady the tail which covers it. This method certainly was good, inasmuch as the trout always dashes at the head of the bait. A good deal of time, however, must be given.

It was now getting towards four o'clock, and the aspect of the day had changed materially. A fresh breeze from the west, 'curled' the faces of the pools at intervals; the small fly left off 'flirting and rising; the sun became shadowed with passing clouds, and we marked one or two large fish take the water-fly *decidedly*. The sport now commenced in a way I have not often seen—at least, not so often as I could have wished. Whether on pool or stream, whenever a puff of wind blew, success became absolutely certain.

I now began to feel the strap of my 'creel' gall my shoulder. I shifted it; paused; looked at the points of my rod, and the barbs of my hooks; and set to again, biting my lip, with an elation—a healthful bounding of the spirit, which every angler has felt with more or less intensity. The vicissitudes of fly fishing are amusing and frequent, from the delicacy of the means depended on. I was about to pass C——, who was fishing a long 'slack,' when a trout of from fourteen to sixteen inches, and another of smaller dimensions, took his flies nearly at the same moment. He soon began to find he had something on his hands. He was on the steep side of the water. His rod bent shrewdly, and after a little play, it was evident that the prudent way was to cross the water, and land them on the shelving side. He had moved up as far as he could to avoid slackening the line, and was just taking the plunge into a rather awkward depth, when the hooked trout, making a violent 'lurch,' as sailors call it, the 'slip-line,' which was old gave way, and with it went fish, gut and flies. The miseries of angling, with wood cuts by Johnson, would be a pretty work.

As C—— was slipping on the last leather which bound together the pieces of his rod, we were approached by some one with a rod and pannier, apparently bent upon the same sport that we had been. He was an old man, but his firm step, sun burnt face, and distinct voice, proved that his strength was not in accordance with his years. It was Tom Allen, the miller, of whom we shall discourse in our next number. —*N. Y. Traveller.*

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LATE WM. HAGAR & CO.,

HAVE removed their Type and Stereotype Foundry to No. 26 Gold street, corner of John street, New-York, and having greatly enlarged their premises, are prepared to execute orders with great dispatch. All articles required by Printers furnished to order at the manufacturer's prices; Chases, Composing Sticks, Cases, &c. constantly on hand.

They have complete series of Fonts, from Pica to Diamond, of a light face and beautiful cut, which they offer with great confidence, as being very superior articles. The following are their prices (uniform with other Foundries) at 6 months credit or 7 1-2 per cent discount for cash:

	Per lb.
Six Line Pica, and all larger,	28 cts
Cannon to Six Line Pica,	30
Double English to Double Pica,	32
Great Primer to Double Pica,	34
English and Pica,	36
Long Primer,	40
Bourgeoise,	46
Brevier,	56
Minion,	70
Nonpareil,	90
Agate,	1,16
Pearl,	1,40
Diamond,	2,00

All other articles of the Type Foundry, in proportion.

☞A. PELL & BROTHER cast their book and newspaper fonts of a metal much lighter than that commonly in use, and which they will warrant much more durable.

A. P. & B. are Agents for the sale of the "Smith's Press," manufactured by R. Hoe & Co. and for the "Washington Press," invented by Rust.

The following are the prices at 6 months credit:

Medium or Royal, $230, Super Royal, $240, Imperial $290, do No. 2, $260, No. 3, $275,

New-York, Jan. 20th, 1832.

Bardotte's Dressing Room,
156, BROADWAY,
Opposite Messrs. Thomas Stokes & Son

It chanced that in strolling Broadway,
And glancing at all that is gay,
I entered the Room of Bardotte:
Was so charmed with what I there saw,
That I cannot but willingly draw
A *hasty* sketch of the spot.

The Room is furnished with taste,
Rich fixtures conveniently placed,
Towels of the whitest French linen,
Razors of rare silver steel,
Indeed I declare, by a deal,
'Tis the finest I ever have been in.

Bardotte, in his art to advance,
Has spent several seasons in France,
And carefully studied the graces;
He gives to the gentlemen's hair,
A genteel and elegant air,
And spirit to that of their faces.

His Italian *tea*, holds a steel,
The roughest skin scarcely can feel,
It moves through the lather so soft;
And in short, to take all in all,
I'm so pleased that I surely shall call,
At his excellent Dressing Room, oft.

A FRIEND TO LUXURY.

Notice to Printers.

TIME and extensive use having tested and established the superiority of my Machine Cast Type, over that cast by hand, I beg leave to call your attention to the following remarks:—

By the aid of a forcing pump, applied at the instant of forming the letter, the metal is compressed and rendered much more compact at the *letter end* of the type than when cast by hand. The air in the mould, by this process, is driven from the letter to the foot end of the type, and finding no way of escape, the mouth being closed, it there occupies a portion of the space in the mould, which otherwise would (as in hand casting) be filled with metal; thereby forming cavities within the stems, by which the weight of the type is diminished 10 to 12 per cent. below that cast by hand, yet leaving the shank of the type abundantly strong. My recent improvement in the composition of type metal, with the advantages before named, gives a durability to type cast by this process, not attainable by the ordinary mode of casting. To my former extensive variety, has recently been added a series of much admired *Light Faced Type*.

Your orders are respectfully solicited, by
Your obedient servant, E. WHITE,
m 21. No. 108 Pearl Street